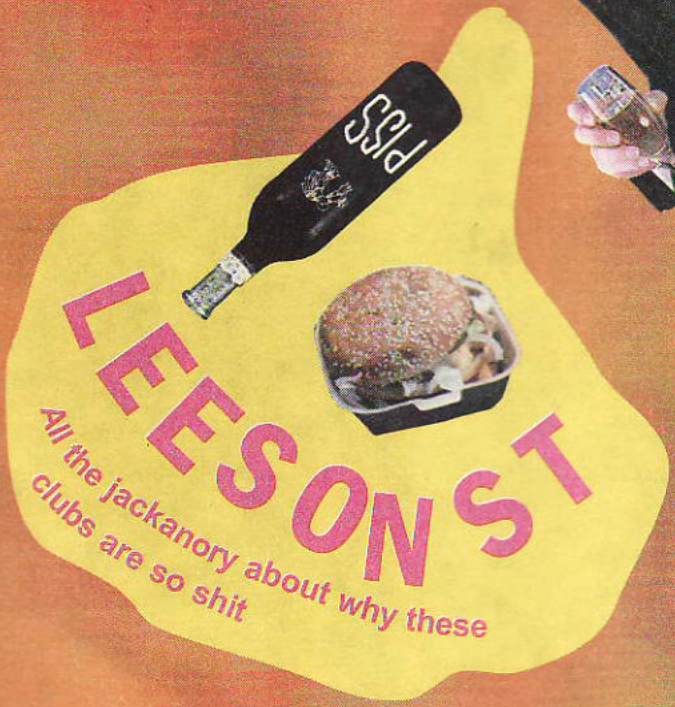
JUNE 2001

THE SLATE

£60

NEW LOOK - EVEN WORSE!

LIVE MUSIC
CLUBBING
THEATRE
DRINKING
COMEDY
CINEMA
ART SHOWS



ALSO FEATURED:

THE INTERNET
TEEN COCKS
LAST MINUTE EDITING
NASTY DRUNKEN PICTURES
PLUS: WIN TICKETS AND DRUGS FOR CREAMFIELDS!

ISSUE NO. 5

june 2001

SOCIAL PAGES ... 4
Are you getting bored yet? Yes, you guessed it, our great, never-been-done-before social pages.

NEWS PAGES ... 6
Lot's of throwaway information and mindless gossip about shit you're probably not interested in.

TAKEAWAYS ... 10
For want of something better to do, we decided to check out some Indian takeaways.

TEEN COCKS ... 12
Our teen-tastic special looks at growing up: heartache, hormones and learning to love yourself.

KICK THE DOG ... 14
Hooray! We've branched out into different forms of crass humour based on animal cruelty.

AN WHEB ... 17
The internet corrupts our women and young. We propose putting it in a cage and poking it with long sticks.

LEESON ST ... 19
We fuckin' love it! Our crazy office team went out largin' it on Leeson St with predictably hilarious results!

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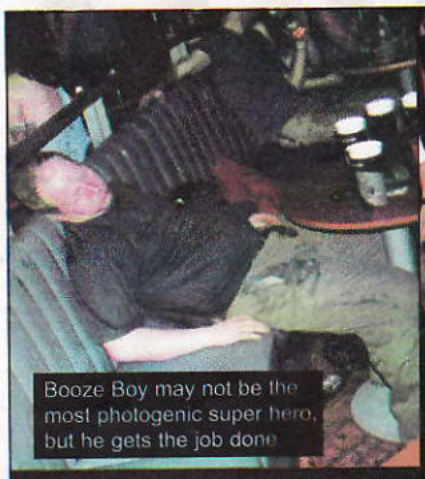
This young lady had just seen the lad on page 21

A BEACON FOR TRUTH

MANY OF you will be wondering why The Slate has not appeared in some while. You may have suspected bankruptcy or perhaps straightforward lack of popularity. You might even have thought we had got proper jobs.

In fact we are in robust financial health, are much loved by the Irish people and continue to dedicate a lot of time to this pointless enterprise. Rather our printer, some Kerry-based ballsucker, refused to print our last issue, claiming it was 'offensive'. He preferred, it seems, to avoid the risks associated with juvenile humour. Needless to say we were outraged and almost wrote him an angry email.

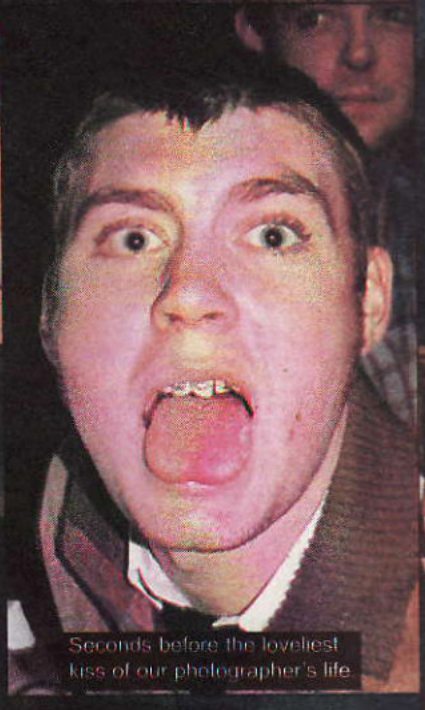
Thankfully we now have Brits on the case who, as is well known, have no morals and love pornography. We are also relieved finally to be amongst the persecuted, counting the German Jews and Rwandan Tutsis as our brethren. We expect what we now call 'the long path to freedom' to add to our searing sense of righteousness and before long we promise to be at least as right on as Niall Stokes of Hot Press.


Booze Boy may not be the most photogenic super hero, but he gets the job done

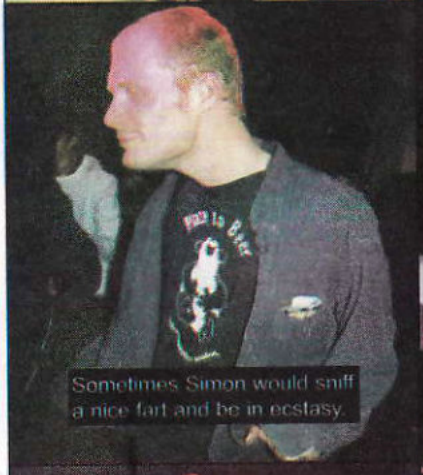
The first and less obscene part of the 'elephant dance'

Smell that pit, you bastard.

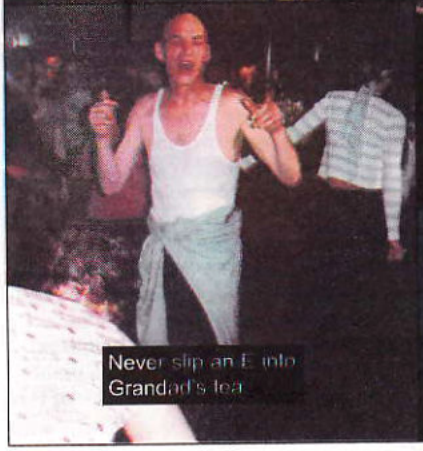
Don't do it, ladies. Those guns aren't real

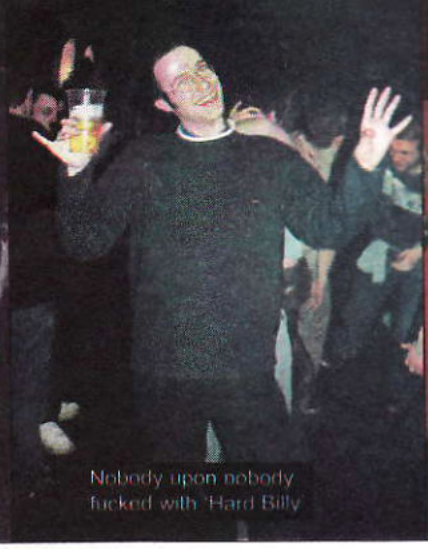

Seconds before the loveliest kiss of our photographer's life

You like this boy? I'll give him to you for half price

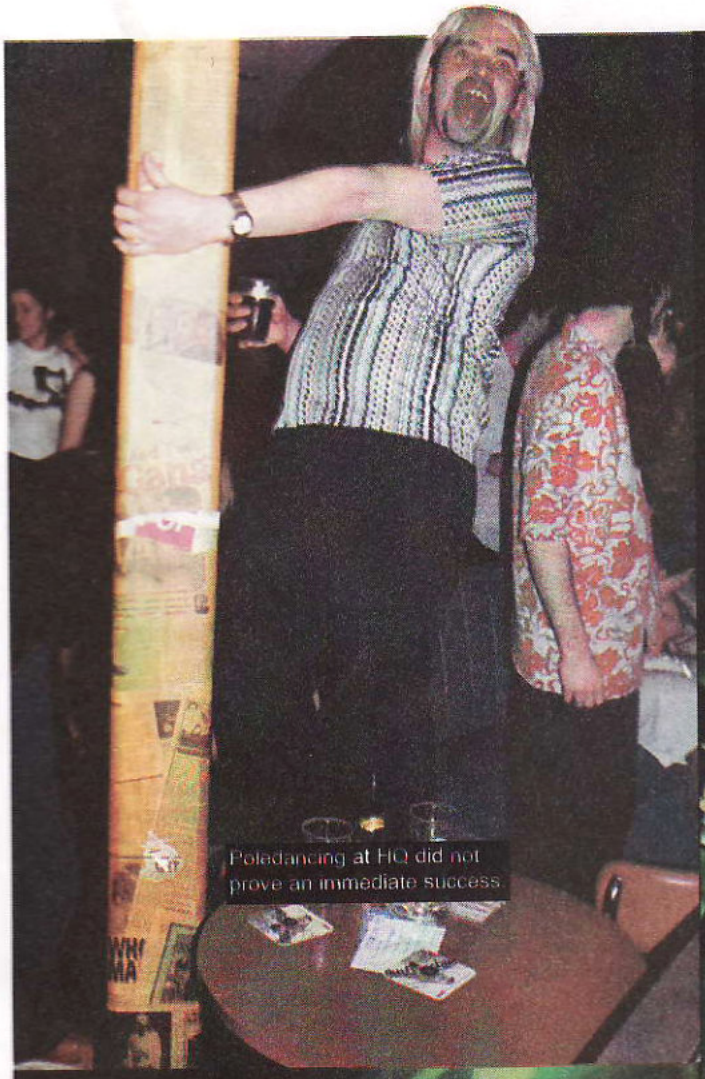

Sometimes Simon would sniff a nice fart and be in ecstasy.

Having been filleted at an early age, Janet never really learnt to dance.

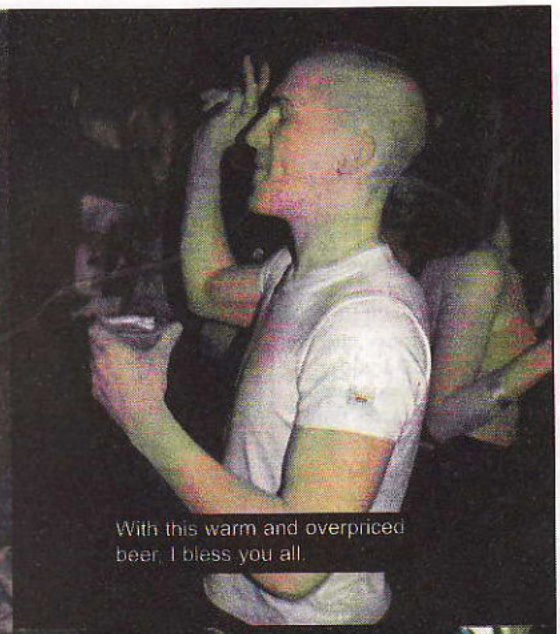

Never slip an E into Grandad's tea


Nobody upon nobody fucked with 'Hard Billy'

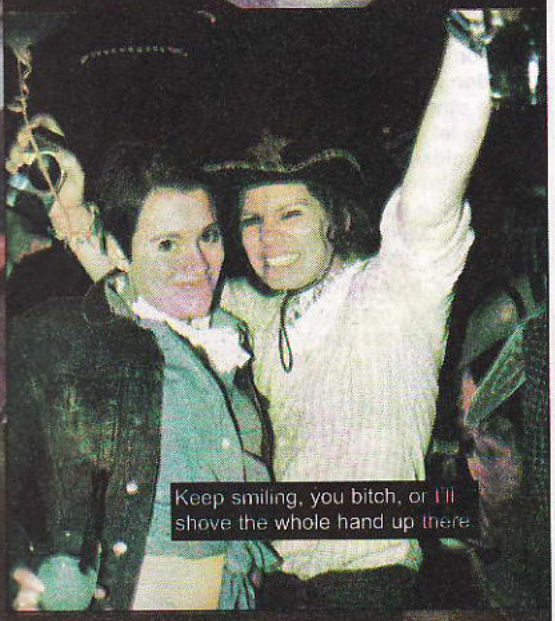
Coming up for air



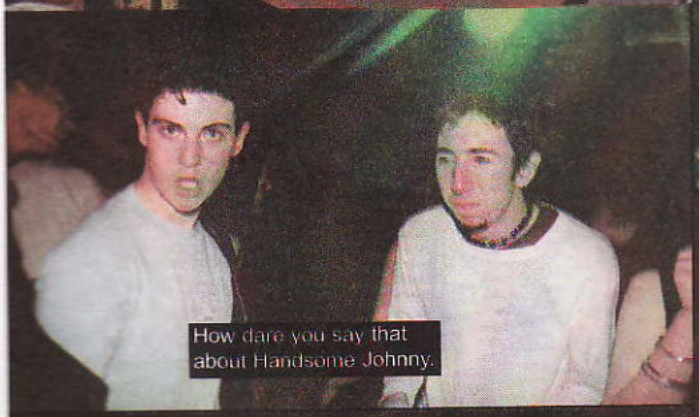
Poledancing at HQ did not prove an immediate success.



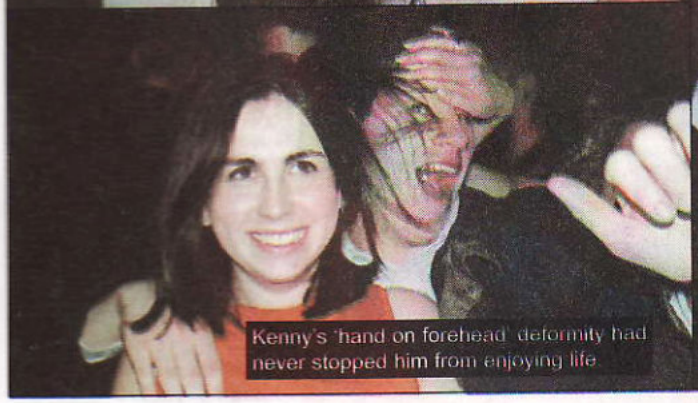
With this warm and overpriced beer, I bless you all.



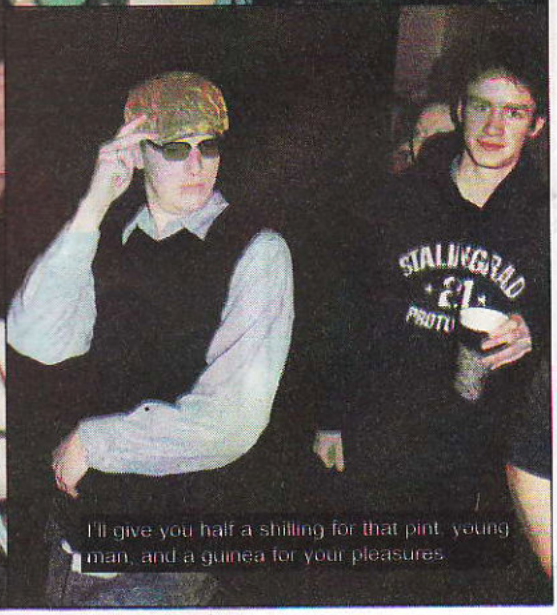
Keep smiling, you bitch, or I'll shove the whole hand up there.



How dare you say that about Handsome Johnny.



Kenny's 'hand on forehead' deformity had never stopped him from enjoying life.



I'll give you half a shilling for that pint, young man, and a guinea for your pleasures.

EASY TO READ

Is HQ fucked?

"NOW THAT we've got those fools Hot Press out of here, we'll turn HQ into a proper club," was one MCD insider's forecast for the Abbey Street venue after they bought out Hot Press' share in it. But HQ's future seems to have been plunged into turmoil since then. Some people are claiming that MCD will spend millions turning the place into an Irish version of that swish London joint, Fabric, while others say that it will be let go to seed as a no-holds-barred meat market. Whatever happens, it isn't likely to involve a whole lot of money, as HQ's main sponsors, Independent Newspapers, are about to pull out of the place.

God Save the Queen

Rumour has it that Dublin DJ Johnny Moy is trying to bring the Sex Pistols and the Prodigy over here for a punk extravaganza in some posh castle near Dublin.

Johnny Rotten

Free Bikes

THE CORPO are planning to flood Dublin with a couple of thousand free bikes. Some kind of swipe card system will be used to stop them all being stroked and sold abroad.

Hicks have killed the radio star

The IRTC have once again proved that they are a bunch of asshole-wankers.

THERE HAS been plenty of outrage at the recent decision by the IRTC to award a Dublin radio license to a bunch of inbred rednecks from a country music station called Star FM. Most vocal amongst the critics have been supporters of the beaten bidders - Phantom FM and Jazz FM.

They have, of course, made the very relevant points that their stations have proven track records, that there's plenty of space on the airwaves for more than one new station, and that the winning bid just happened to come from a guy who organises the Fianna Fail Ard Fheis every year. They have also come up with some absolutely crazy crap that we thought was deserving of a place in our magazine.

"The very fact that right wing cronnies can make so called informed decisions on our behalf suggests that we live in an Orwellian dictatorship. Do any of the members of the IRTC have the surname Goebells by any chance?????" **Cormac**

"No Phantom listener is gonna be listening to Garth Brooks etc singing songs about marrying their 13 year old cousins." **Gaz**

"Thing that worries me about Star FM is that there's NOTHING to stop some cult using it to get more victims - last thing these people need is help wrecking peoples lives. Having a religious station instead of phantom is'nt just f***** up, it's f****** dangerous as well." **Ronan**

These quotes were all taken from the license forum on www.phantomfm.com.

Caption of the month compo

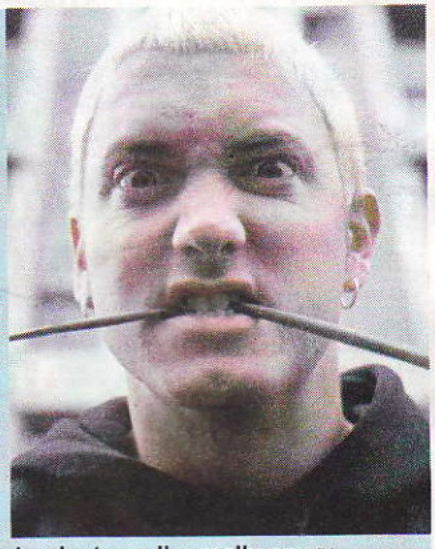
Are you as clever as the editors of The Slate? Test your caption-writing on this photo. Responses to editor@theslate.ie

HELP WRITE THE SLATE

Do you want to get involved in writing, giving feedback, sending in a few ideas, or just moaning like a bitch? Then send a mail to editor@theslate.ie with 'mailing list' in the subject line. We'll send you a mail every couple of weeks with article ideas and you can let us know what you think or maybe even write something if it takes your fancy. We'll probably ignore whatever you write, and then you'll get bitter and piss off. To be honest, we'll be glad to see the back of you.

RUGBY RAP FOR DUBLIN?

RUMOURS ARE rife that sellout rapper Eminem is playing a gig in Dublin this summer. And - now that he has apologised to everyone in the world for any offence caused by his last album - Eminem will be allowed perform on the hallowed turf of D4 Ireland, Lansdowne Rd. Nothing has been confirmed at this stage (partly because the Detroit rapper is in and out of court every five minutes) but if Eminem does arrive on these shores he should be guaranteed a fairly rapturous welcome. The Marshall Mathers LP sold more copies here per capita than any country except the US.



Look at me. I'm really angry.

Ha'Penny, no thankyou!

Many Dubliners were surprised at the deconstruction of the Ha'Penny Bridge and dismayed when the temporary replacement was constructed using nothing but discarded Meccanno sets and old shoelaces, to a design our Mayor Maurice Ahearn once saw on Blue Peter. However, those who hoped for a speedy return of the famous arc will be shocked to hear that an "all-new, feell-good" structure is planned for the site. "In the capital city of the hyper-prosperous Celtic-Tiger there is no place for small denominations of currency" a corporation official told The Slate, "it is a national disgrace to link such hot spots as Pravda and the River Club with something so old and crap. Furthermore beggars tended to loiter on the old Bridge, spreading disease and depressing tourists and restaurant-goers". Proposals have now been made for the 'Sir Tony O'Reilly Million Dollar Bridge' from which a drunken vagrant will be tossed every day at noon.

Like the Eiffel Tower, at first the bridge was unloved

NEW MAG-TASTIC MAG

Mike fucking Hogan has decided to bring more misery to the world by publishing yet another diabolical Irish magazine. The man responsible for snoozerags like In Dublin and Magill will use his unique publishing talents to produce a 'society magazine' that combines the qualities of other great titles like Hello, Image and Heat. Keith Duffy and Jason O'Callaghan (a Sunday Indo spastic) will provide the brains behind Mike's new mag.

Marvellous Mike Hogan

NEWS IN BRIEF

New clubbing magazine

A clubbers website from Galway are planning to launch a 'Mixmag for Ireland'. Clubbing.com are already recruiting writers and editors for this new disco mag.

Thrones'r'us

After Posh and Becks got married so successfully in Ireland, Britain's DJs have begun to think that hitching up in Ireland might bring their union a 'rub of the green'. In yet another world exclusive, The Slate can reveal that big beat merchant turned house DJ Jon Carter is coming here to marry his celeb girlfriend, Sara Cox (below), in some castle.

Fisticuffs in Clubland

A TOP Dublin club owner (who loves suing the fuck out of people) was recently involved in an all-action punch up with one of his DJs. The pesky DJ insisted on hanging around after a gig, annoying his boss while he was counting the night's takings. He was trying to get paid or something, but the irate boss flew off the handle instead and started throwing punches. Not one to lie down like a pussycat, the DJ fought back, and the ensuing fight has soured relations between them quite badly

The Indian Takeaway Challenge

Check these out if you're ever tempted to kick the Pot Noodle and day-old toast diet.

NAZ BALTI HOUSE

146 LR. RATHMINES ROAD, D6 496 6566 ☆☆

Expectations were raised by the impressively spicy quality of the bhajis, doughy naan bread and good selection of mint and curry sauces for the popadoms, but then cruelly dashed by the quality of the main courses. Even the lashings of garish food-colouring couldn't disguise the fact that the meat wasn't properly cooked.

SPICE AND RICE CO

2 MALPAS COURT, D8 453 4276 ☆☆☆

With swift delivery service and very reasonable prices, Spice and Rice is your best bet for a decent, if unspectacular Indian. A meal for two, including bhajis and a starter, is about £16. The Popadoms are poor, with no dips provided, but the main courses are fairly tasty with a healthy smattering of veg thrown in with the meat dishes.

KESAR (RECOMMENDED)

63 UPPER RATHMINES ROAD 496 0309 ☆☆☆☆☆

The Taj Mahal of Indians, Kesar is easily the finest delivery take away this side of the Irish Sea. It might take over an hour to get there, but it's well worth the wait. The goods are delivered by the same little old man who lovingly prepares this heavenly concoction, and are pretty cheap at around £17 for two. Try the lime rice, a meal in itself, and the delicious garlic naan. The meat courses are very diverse, ranging from mild to extremely hot, with lashings of lovely mixed veg. The vegetarian dishes are equally enticing. Wash it all down with a lassie and reflect on how bad every take out curry you ever had before was by comparison.

NAMASTE INDIA

117 UPR CHURCH ST., D7 873 3013 ☆

This is a cheap, rough and ready take away. At about £15 for a meal for two, you don't expect much in terms of tastiness, and you don't get it either. The service is good, and they will deliver within half an hour usually, but the starters are dry and decrepit looking, and the main courses are bland lumps of carcass floating in fluorescent chemicals.

SHALIMAR

17 STH. GT. GEORGE'S ST. 671 0738 ☆☆☆☆

The only city centre based Indian that will deliver to your door and thereby save you the agony of staggering home after your feed. The delivery is slow as Shalimaar is principally a restauraunt, and at £23 for two you might be tempted to look elsewhere. Fear not, the quality is excellent, and the quantity is such that if you order a little extra rice you can invite round one of your impoverished friends and throw them the scraps.

WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS IN AID OF?

A NEW COLUMN ABOUT MYSTERY SHIT AROUND THE CITY

A few thousand letters have been delivered to The Slate offices by concerned people who are wondering what the hell these strange structures are (right). They have been spotted in pedestrianised areas around town (Temple Bar, Sth. Frederick St., Chatham St.) and are causing wonder and consternation. We decided to go and find out for ourselves what the fuck is going on. We had our suspicions that they may be part of a Dalek spying operation, but the Corpo line is that these structures are traffic control devices. Soon enough - wherever you see these yokes - metal bollards are lurking below the road waiting to block it off from unwanted traffic. Whenever the cops or emergency services want to get through, they'll key in a code and the bollards will come down. There will also be an intercom to the Corpo control room so that any cops who are too stupid to work the whole thing can be talked through the process.

TEMPLE BAR'S TEEN TERRORS

A grotesque group of kids are gathering every week in Temple Bar, creating a menace for the rest of the community.

This month The Slate reports on how town's been turned into a virtual no-go zone for Saturday shoppers and respectable tourists. It's all down to the awful gang of grubby schoolchildren pictured here.

Some of you have been on to our offices about the problem and I'm sure just about everyone else has noticed it.

A perfectly pleasant walk from BT2 down to the Morrison has been ruined by this underage mob.

They hang around outside that Temple Bar Music Centre and damage people's expensive shoes with their cidery vomit.

It's like a terrible cross between Lord of the Flies and that film Kids, where out of control teens spend their time deliberately spreading Aids and beating each other to death.

It has to be said that the Gardai are doing their best to solve the problem.

"We make arrests at every opportunity," one Garda from outside Dublin told The Slate.

"Backchat, bad hygiene, wrong gender makeup - that kind of thing - but even on a good day there's always plenty of them left to cause trouble."

Test of a Mother's love

Don't be fooled by their clownish clothes

The kids congregate on Curved St where an underage event called Blast takes place every Saturday (fully sanctioned by a few irresponsible adults).

They have their own 'music' which is played at these events and then they talk about the weekend's mayhem on a shared website called www.treasureisland.ie (see below) and plan their next bit of ruinous mischief.

Local residents and businesspeople say that they regularly step out into the street to find full scale orgies taking place in front of them - even when it's raining.

This situation is alarming and will soon spiral out of control if something drastic isn't done right now.

There is only so much that the Gardai can do. The Government have spent £1 million on a fence around

THIS IS WHAT THEY ARE THINKING . . .

'its not christians who piss me off jst the catholic religion..well not even that the pope is who i want to scream at for a good 10 hours straight..'

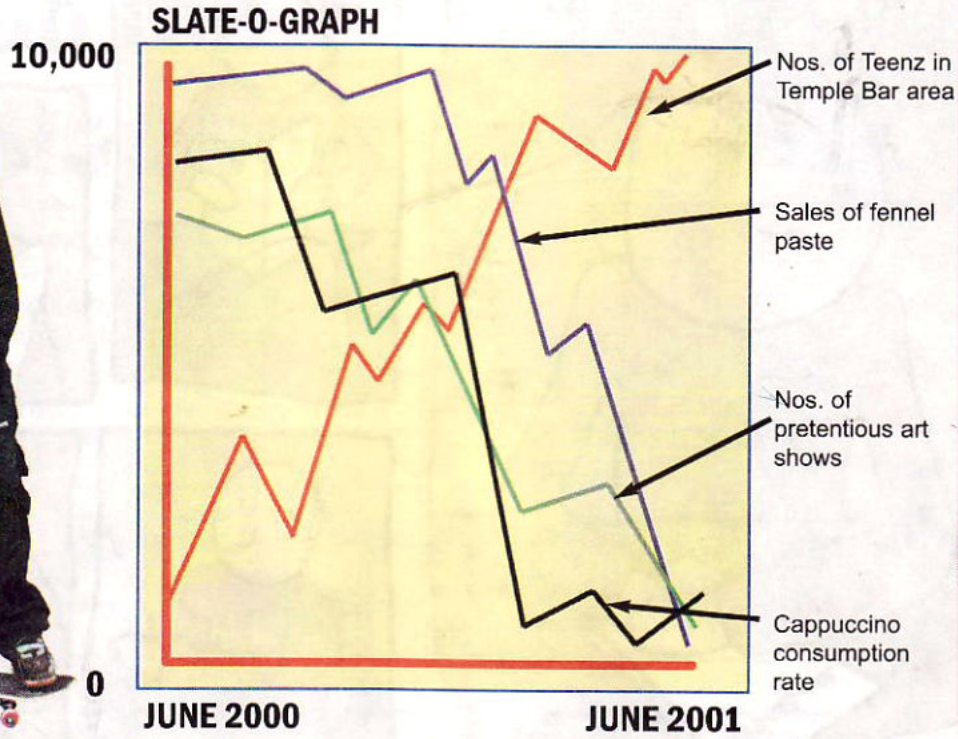
'well thing is i dont wanna be a member .. coz im a member of groups that better represent my beliefs .. like globalise resistance .. reclaim the streets .. revolutionary youth etc.'

'in this banana fuckin republic ya can see what goes on within the dail yet this forum is yet again THE ELITIST MUTUAL APPRECIATION SOCIETY'

'Guaverea didnt start a revolution in a few days. Lenin had years to plan and theroise. Perhaps our culture has eroded any patience we once had but if we jump the gun on this one then weve wasted our chance.'

'you can suk on the puss from your anal warts'

All quotes taken from discussion forums on www.treasureisland.ie.



the Central Bank area, but that is clearly not enough. Now they must ban under 18s from the Temple Bar area without further delay.

Thankfully the authorities have got wind of the situation and are doing everything in their power to shut down the Blast events.

A concerned consortium - led by Temple Bar properties, who own half the area - have been having regular coffee meetings with the Gardai.

They are demanding that kids be kept in the suburbs at all times unless they are accompanied by both parents and a Garda.

But the teen mob have responded to these efforts by showing an even more brazen lack of respect for their elders.

It's no help when Robert Stephenson, the 47-year-old who marshals these youngsters from behind the scenes, starts making outrageous claims about teenage 'rights'.

"People think that because the kids are hanging around with black t-shirts and baggy trousers and straggly hair, they are less than citizens and less than worthy of civil rights," was his response when we phoned him up and demanded that he explain himself.

Well, Mr. Stephenson. These people don't pay tax, they only spend their parents' money, and, I'm sorry, but they seem to behave like out of control young animals. What we'd all like to know is when are they going to start *earning* some of those rights you were talking about.

TEENAGERS HALL OF SHAME

SOCIAL SKILLS: WEAK!

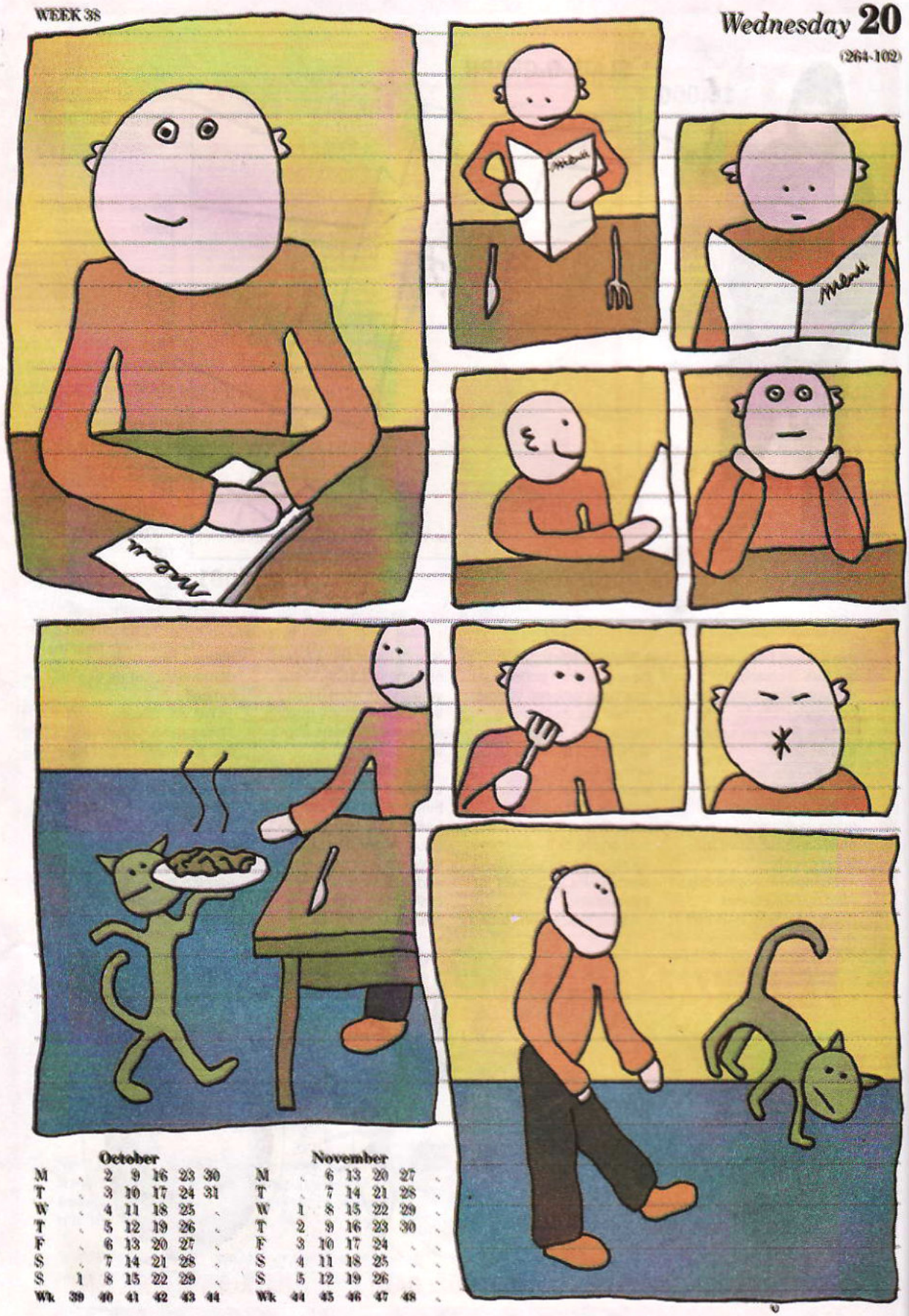
ATTITUDE: BAD!

HAIRCUTS: FOOLISH!

WEEK 38

Wednesday 20

(264-102)



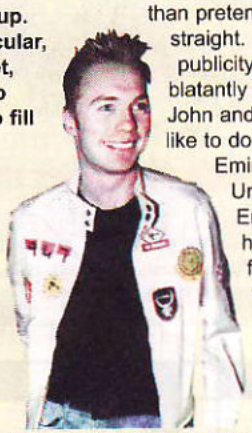
October						
M		2	9	16	23	30
T		3	10	17	24	31
W		4	11	18	25	
T		5	12	19	26	
F		6	13	20	27	
S		7	14	21	28	
S	1	8	15	22	29	
Wk	39	40	41	42	43	44

November						
M		6	13	20	27	
T		7	14	21	28	
W	1	8	15	22	29	
T	2	9	16	23	30	
F	3	10	17	24		
S	4	11	18	25		
S	5	12	19	26		
Wk	44	45	46	47	48	

Go on the fucking boyz

They may have split up, but everyone's still dying to know what's happening to the lads from Boyzone. We go behind the scenes for all the latest pop-tastic news.

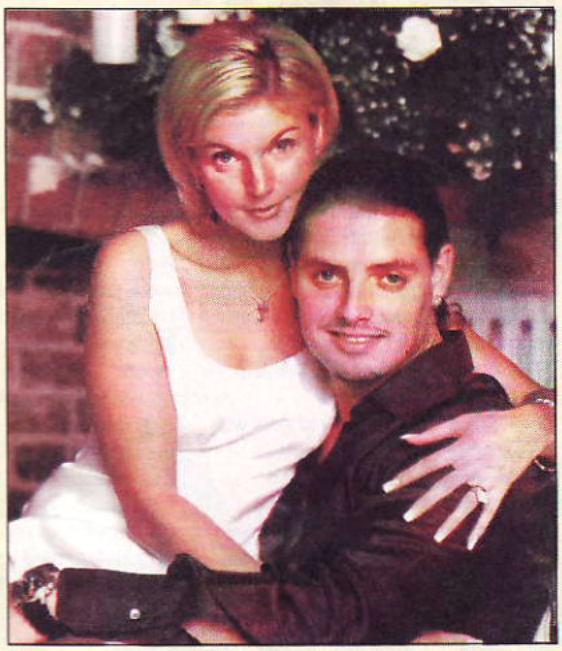
◆ **ALL HELL broke loose in Boyworld last month when that turncoat bitch Ronan announced that the band was breaking up. Keith, in particular, was very upset, and decided to use his hurt to fill a number of double page spreads in the papers. "I have talent of my own," he blasted. "I don't need you. I'll do okay. Have a successful career, pal, and forget me."**



Ronan shows off his new teeth

◆ MEANWHILE poor Stephen Gately's demise is proof that pretending to be gay is no more likely to guarantee you success than pretending to be straight. Stevo's latest publicity stunt was blatantly to copy Elton John and say that he'd like to do a duet with Eminem. Unfortunately, Eminem probably hasn't got the first fucking clue who Stevo is, so this idea will probably end up on the scrapheap, just like Stevo and his good mate Mikey Graham.

◆ As well as breaking up the band, Ronan has been busy outraging Boyz fans by playing some of the group's old numbers on his concert tour. One fan was particularly annoyed that a backing singer had taken over some of Stevo's lines. "Is this his way of cancelling Stephen out of our memories?" he said. "I was so close to tears."



Keith proves that he's still famous by appearing in VIP with his lovely wife

◆ **RONAN, however, like the little nancy boy he is, has definitely ruled OUT a duet with the Detroit rapper. "My kids aren't old enough to understand his lyrics yet but it's a bit upsetting to think your kids are listening to all that stuff, you know, the language, his perspective on life." Of course, it's far better to have them growing up with a dad who thinks that spending £20,000 on a new set of teeth is a good investment.**

◆ Mikey's career is on a slow train to the celebrity dump. "Ronan doesn't phone, he doesn't write and he doesn't call," said the chubby Dubliner recently. What do you expect, Mikey, when the guy's a using fuck and your last CD only sold 198 copies (which still managed to get you to no. 62 in the UK charts)? Mikey's people say that he's thinking of becoming anorexic in a last ditch attempt to stay famous. We at The Slate wish him all the best.

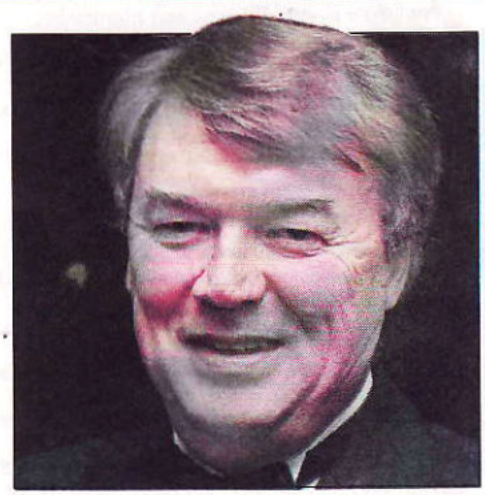
THE GREAT 3 QUESTION QUIZ

1. Four former Blackrock College students appeared in court last month. What have they been accused of?
a) Attending the shittest school in the country
b) Attending the shittest nite club in the country
c) Having annoying accents
d) Manslaughter

2. Aer Lingus CEO Michael Foley was asked not to attend work recently. The reason is . . .
a) It was his birthday
b) He is the subject of two sexual harrasment claims
c) He was too sexy
d) He used to smoke crack in his office

3. Bertie Ahern and Celia Larkin greatly irritated Archbishop Desmond O'Connell recently by . . .
a) Listening to their walkmans while he was saying mass
b) Saying that Ronan Keating's new single is not all that bad
c) Disputing the whole transubstantiation thing
d) Having sex in a church

Answers - judge for yourself



Foley: Sexbomb

HOMEMADE TV

SOME STUFF YOU'LL FIND ON NETTV.IE:

- Webcasts by pirate radio stations Power and Phantom FM.
- Video recordings of Irish DJs scratching away in the Nettv.ie studio.
- Animation, music and videos from relatively unknown Irish artists.

NOBODY LIKES it when something has a name that requires you to say two 't' sounds in a row without a vowel in between for assistance. But in spite of this handicap, **Nettv.ie** is still well worth checking out.

The Dublin-based music, film and animation site exploits the "possibilities of not having to deal with the expense and restriction of conventional media," says head honcho Mick Donohue.

A website like this fills a hole in the Dublin music and film scene that has been crying out for new technology to embrace it for years. It gives every muppet on the street the chance to bypass Dublin's absolutely shite commercial radio stations and check out some underground music. It also gives filmmakers a chance to put their work on a global forum.

Nettv.ie proves to be quite extensive once you work out the slightly jumbled layout. The music section is the most developed. On a 56K modem the sound is perfect and arrives within seconds with little or no breaks once it has started.

Any accompanying videos are, as usually on the web, slow and generally fucked up. But it's fun seeing what it must be like for old people who've lost their glasses watching TV. From what could be made out of the videos, they seem to be surprisingly slick for amateurs. A lot of the music is pants - but that's half the fun.

The 'Shorts' section does not unfortunately feature pictures of hilariously short 1970s football shorts. It has archives of films and animations that have been submitted. Call over to your rich friend with an ISDN line if you fancy checking these out. The other two sections are a 'Live Shows' section in which live performances can be heard every evening and a radio section.

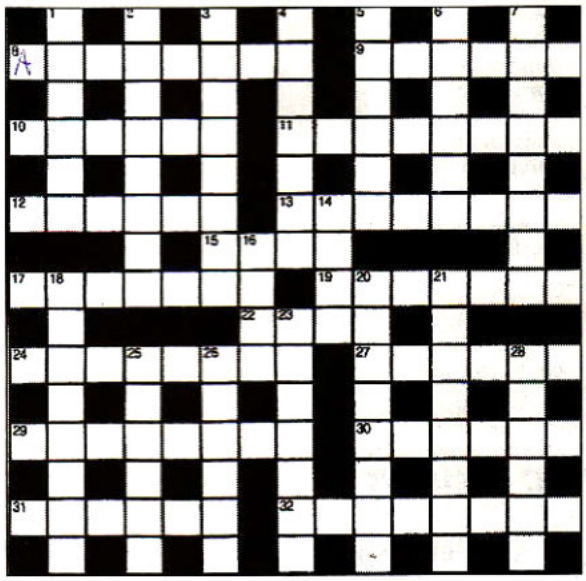
THE SLATE CROSSWORD NO.1

Across.

8. According to that dire 80s song, this is where you'll be going loco. (8)
9. It's always easy to find "a .... .. the Heartbreak Hotel", according to U2. (4,2)
10. Bring back Dracula to spruce something up. (6)
11. Scan arks as it plunders and pillages? (8)
12. Generic name for an annoying fucker who resides on Grafton St. with an out of tune guitar. (6)
13. Two knives working against each other still manage to cut through everything. (8)
15. The union Bertie likes to batter. (4)
17. German police force who influenced our own Gardai. (7)
19. Not a pepper, but still an attack. (7)
22. (and 24 across) Disease that screws over farmers, but keeps journalists busy. (4,3,5)
24. (see above)
27. Resisting this, even if it sounds like a sojourn, could land you in even more trouble. (6)
29. Throttle someone to death. (8)
30. A seven iron might not be the best to use a car - any ideas, Mr. Caddie? (6)
31. One of the feathered rats that populate the city's monuments. (6)
32. There's always a yoke near when this footballer is around. (3,5)

Down.

1. Japanese silver coin, worth about 50p. (5)
2. Use this description for your property if you want complete arseholes living there. (8)
3. Getting caught in applause could be the same as mumbo-jumbo. (8)
4. I will come here with my friends and stay for the summer and turn your city into a zoo. (8)
5. He may not be the sultan of swing, but he is a rich fucker. (6)
6. Eamon ....., dark little venue in Temple Bar. (6)
7. The fish that could be Irish, by the sounds of it. (8)
14. You say goodbye, and I say hello. Same thing if we're Talking Italian. (4)
16. C'mon, this one's not hard! (4)
18. Relatively speaking, this dude was fairly smart. (8)
20. Those who loiter around, just in case someone else falls through. (8)
21. Companies who follow trails in the sky? (8)
23. ".. ...:. me" - expression of regret for one who feels like venison? (2,5)
25. One who complains a lot. (6)
26. Very fucking badly needed. (6)
28. Is this believing? (6)

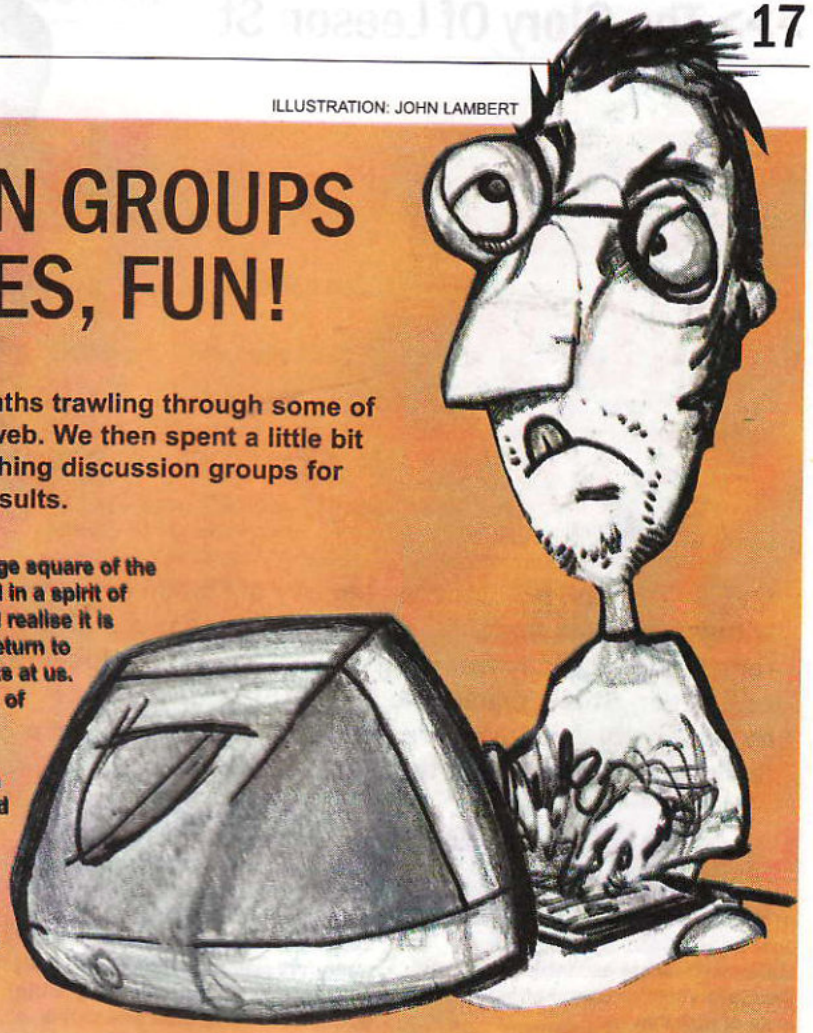


Answers next month. If you can't wait, email editor@theslate.ie with 'Crossword' as the subject

ILLUSTRATION: JOHN LAMBERT

DISCUSSION GROUPS - CHAT, JOKES, FUN!

We at the Slate have spent months trawling through some of the vilest pornography on the web. We then spent a little bit more than five minutes researching discussion groups for this spacefiller. Marvel at the results.



THE WEB was long heralded as the village square of the future, where views would be exchanged in a spirit of openness and toleration. Now that we all realise it is nothing but a vast pornmarket, we can return to distrusting anyone who so much as looks at us. However, occasionally, in between bouts of masturbation, web surfers find time to communicate with each other. Web discussion groups allow individuals with common interests to exchange views and generally pass the time before getting back to giantfatpussies.com. We at The Slate are not much interested in anyone else's opinions but in the spirit of generosity towards our readers, we have checked out out some forums.

WWW.IRELAND.COM

Having voted on the burning question of the day ('Is the 14th at Portmarnock really a Par 4 at all?'), the ireland.com site invites you to post your views. Amusingly, the site attracts a lot of nazis with even less of a clue than John Waters. A typical poll begins with an innocuous comment or two. Then some foaming-at-the-mouth madman recommends that travellers be sent back to Africa and all hell breaks loose as the hand-wringing from 'shocked and saddened' liberals begins. A recent poll suggested that Mary Robinson's actions should be understood in the light of her being a lesbian communist virago. 60% of contributors are from abroad including a diproportionate number of ex-pat Yanks.

IE-DANCE

This is the hotbed of the country's dance music scene. Observers are given a fascinating insight into the world of the Irish clubber, as great minds gather together to extrapolate on subjects as interesting as the lighting system in the Red Box, the differences between progressive and trance, and how policemen and bouncers are always wrong. The tone is regularly bad tempered, with DJs, promoters and anoraks bitching and sniping at each other like weasels in a bag. While such rows are generally more tedious than vicious, the site is also very informative and worth keeping an eye on.
URL: www.groups.yahoo/groups.ie.dance

WWW.TREASUREISLAND.IE

In this forum that concentrates on topics such as upcoming bands, access to gigs and underage drinking, teenagers reveal why they are the lepers of Ireland, A large part of the site is dedicated to promoting the Blast 'all age' gigs that take place every Saturday in the TBMC. It seems a proto-political movement has arisen hand in hand with the gigs, aiming to secure greater rights and better treatment for teens, and this is hammered out in the active discussion forums. However, the teens are not likely to be storming the barricades of the adult world any time soon, as a delightful degree of infighting is also evident. Personal rivalries seem to thrive on the site and every time a suggestion is made you can bet your bottom dollar that it wont be long before threats of 'ass rape' are bandied about the place. Of course this makes listening in great fun.

THE GLORY AND WONDER OF LEESON ST.

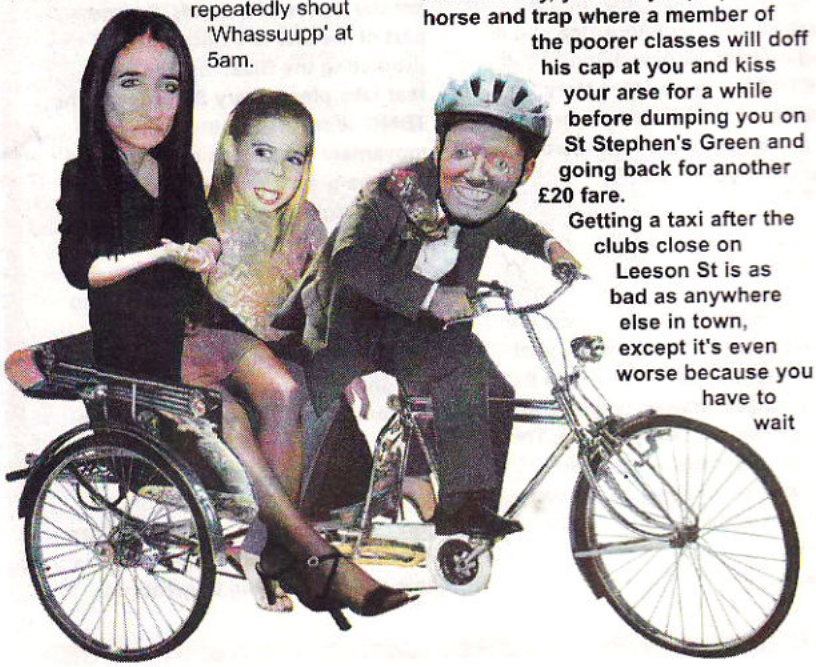
OVER THE past few decades the city of Dublin has witnessed some fantastic changes, but one place has remained incredibly free of progress. The night club strip on Leeson St is a black hole in the consciousness of most sensible city dwellers, but surely it has inspired a few questions that need to be answered.

1. WHY WOULD I GO THERE?

a) You have been abducted by jocks in suits and dressed up in teddy bear cufflinks. They are escorting you around their favourite haunts and giving you a taste of how they live.

b) You are a jock yourself and are reading this feature to try and get an insight into why other people hate you so much.

c) Your suffered brain damage when your Mother attempted to abort you using a half-stick. Thanks to this, you are fond of vomit, think it's funny to piss in letterboxes and very original to repeatedly shout 'Whassuupp' at 5am.



2. HOW THE FUCK DO I GET OUT OF HERE?

Leeson St has its own unique transport system which is specially tailored for the kind of clientele that go there. Getting a lift in a taxi is simply not good enough for these people. They demand nothing less than a slave-like little boy pulling them around in a rickshaw who they can shout at about what a great night they're having. If you find yourself either leaving or arriving in one of these carts, go home immediately and pray to God for forgiveness. Alternatively, you can jump up on a horse and trap where a member of the poorer classes will doff his cap at you and kiss your arse for a while before dumping you on St Stephen's Green and going back for another £20 fare.

Getting a taxi after the clubs close on Leeson St is as bad as anywhere else in town, except it's even worse because you have to wait around with the stray rugby drunks who are still trying to work off some Creatine by knocking each others' heads into railing spikes.

3. DOES ANYBODY EVER HAVE A GOOD TIME THERE?

These clubs were purpose-built for total jocks and their dolly birds way back in the 70s and the model has lasted fairly intact. Meatnecks start going to Leeson St as early as they can (usually around pre-debs time) and, being desperately thick, don't seem to tire of it until they hit their fifties and start hiring hookers down on Fitzwilliam Square. Unfortunately, any normally intelligent person will probably suffer a lifetime of depression if they end up on the strip too often.

For a guaranteed good time on the strip, have a nice long piss into VIP Magazine's letter box (77 Lower Leeson St.)

4. WHERE DO THEY GET THEIR WINE?

Who knows, but the good news is that the rat poison they sell for just £25 will cause a brief high before you collapse with brain fluid coming out of your nose.

5. IS THAT MUSIC THEY PLAY NOT AGAINST THE LAW?

The music policy in Cats, Leggs and Buck Whaley's is simple - rehash all the most head-wrecking songs from the last ten years and then play them as loudly as possible. Never mind though, as the pack from Lansdowne RFC will be taking up the whole dance floor rubbing their sweat on each other and pretending not to have stiffies.

6. HASN'T IT CHANGED EVEN A LITTLE?

Thankfully Leeson St has embraced change over the last few years. A couple of lap dancing bars have opened where, for a mere £30, Eastern European women will show you their gees. At around 2am you'll see a lot of pale, trembling culchies staggerring into these places after spending the evening building up courage over 12 pints of Bass.

Why are they allowed stay open so late?

WINE-SWILLING dumps that they are, the average Leeson St club at least has the advantage of being a reliable bet for a bit of booze when everywhere else has closed.

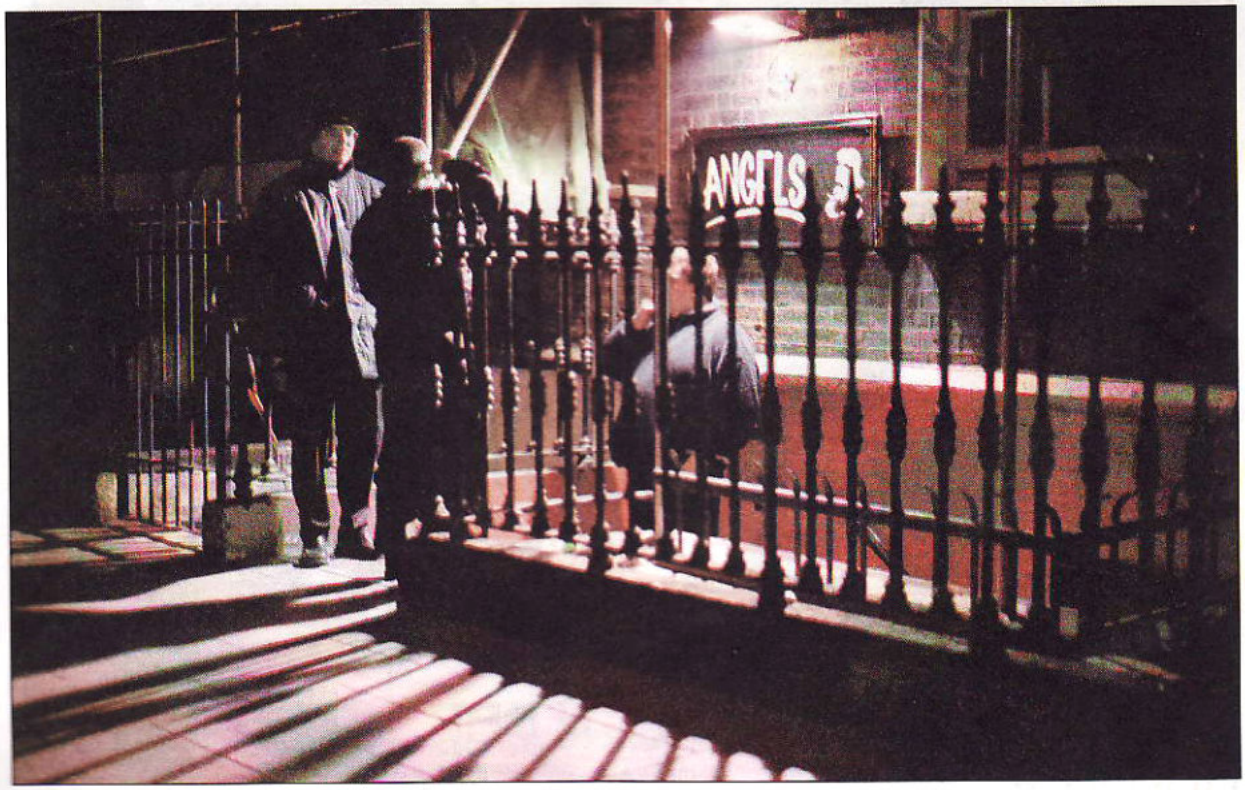
So how exactly do they manage to keep going when every half-decent club in town is getting harassed and attacked by the Gardai at the stroke of 2.30?

These terrible dives seem to have been operating outside the law for years now. There is no typical definition of a night club, but most clubs have a regular pub license and a 'public dancing' license. In order to open late, they apply for an exemption on the pub license (£130 a night) which lets them serve drink until 2.30am.

But Leeson St clubs don't have a pub license and have always operated on a combination of restaurant and wine licenses.

"Officially they've always been supposed to close at pub times," said a Garda who deals with them on a regular basis. He went on to say that they have "always been offside", but "trying to combat Leeson St. clubs is like trying to combat prostitution" - impossible.

HOOKERS: They're just impossible



The welcoming party to the worst place on earth

Out & About

CLUBBING 22

Thanks for the bribe Judge Jules. Same again any time you want. We all bought some colonic irrigation with the money.

LIVE MUSIC 34

There have been better months for live music in the city, but there are a fair few interesting left field gigs.

CINEMA 40

No doubt the nation that loved Miss Congeniality so well will happily donate its millions to the crap that is Pearl Harbor.

THEATRE 44

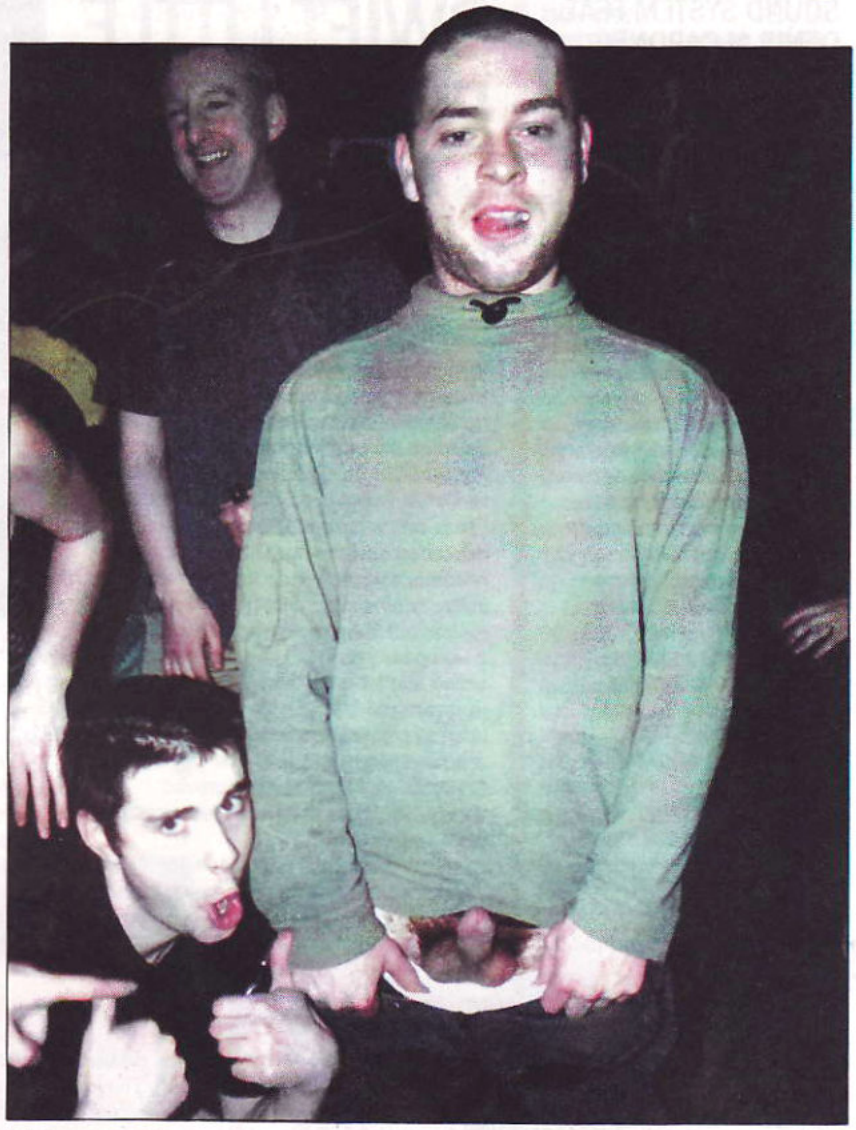
Unfortunately some rubbish that had been on national tours is back in the capital. Avoid the theatre like the plague this month.

COMEDY 46

All the comedians are off at the Cat Laugh's Festival in Kilkenny. However, unlike our rivals, we don't cover culchie events.

GALLERIES 47

The Bacon Studio is the art event of the month if not the year. The entire middle class of the city was at the launch!



Weary of endless poetry and art, Joaquin and Ronald went to a club

Rahzel: not like other children

THE EVENTS OF THE MONTH

Rahzel

The honorary member of The Roots appears at the Red Box. One of the most original rappers around today, he should pull off a great show.

Napalm Death

The grind-core veterans bring their uncompromising atonal sound to the Temple Bar Music Centre. Don't go near the front or you may have your head ripped off.

If you want your event listed in The Slate, ring 662 0013 or email theslate@iol.ie

Bacon Studio

Finally the much-heralded studio appears at the Hugh Lane. It's impressive stuff and the computers are fun to mess around with.

Creamfields

Lots of lucre for promoters, MCD, but also a fairly impressive lineup which includes Beck, Richie Hawtin, Goldie and Outkast.

The Homecoming

Harold Pinter's brilliant and aggressive play appears at the Gate. It's a searing portait of the nastiness that lurks within a London family.

BLOOD AND FIRE SOUND SYSTEM FEAT. DENIS ALCAPONE

FRI 1 JUNE £11.50
THE SHELTER

Blood & Fire came into being in 1993 as part of a bid to make sure that Jamaican reggae wasn't reduced to a smattering of rare vinyl recordings. The UK label succeeded in bringing essential albums like 'The Heart of the Congos' back to life on carefully remastered CD versions. But in the past few years, it's the travelling Blood & Fire Sound System that has turned heads across Europe by resurrecting the dancehall vibe with a line-up of heavy-hitting DJs and vocalists. Denis Alcapone, whose work with producer Bunny Lee has placed him amongst the legends of rootsy dub, appears this weekend. This gig (and the two successful 100% Dynamite events) puts the Shelter in serious competition with Firehouse Skank for Dublin's best reggae venue.

DAVE ANGEL

SAT 2 JUNE £15.50
TBMC

This will be Angel's third Dublin appearance of the year, but anyone who's interested in funky techno should head along for another helping. It should be remembered that as well as his top notch dancefloor reputation, Angel has a fair old production portfolio too. His first album, 'Tales of the Unexpected', earned him international acclaim, and a host of remixes for acts like Orbital, Underworld and Eurythmics have only added to his legions of admirers. If you need further assurance check out his mix CD '39 Flavours of Tech-Funk' which sounds as good today as the day it was released.

SWIFT LITTLE FINGERS

BACK TO BACK

SAT 2 JUNE £8
ISAAC BUTT DOORS 11PM

If you fancy a bit of dancing, but don't want to swing your fists inanely all night, then this homegrown hip hop and jungle showcase could be the one for you.
Former Irish DMC champion Glen Brady has been playing around Dublin for donkey's years, and at this stage can only loosely be described as a hip hop DJ. A number of releases and production credits culminated in Brady producing a track on REM's latest album, but he now seems to have only a passing involvement in the Dublin hip hop scene that he once dominated.
In recent years a few new hip hop DJ's have risen to prominence and - although their reputations may still be some way behind Brady's - they have already proved themselves to be at least as technically proficient as he is.
Splyce, in particular, has put on some dazzling sets in the last few months (including one gem which won him the RSR student DJing competition) and can be found every Monday night in Eamon Doran's scratching up a storm.
This gig sees him go back to back with Mayhem - the excellent DJ from otherwise overrated Creative Control - and their set will be well worth keeping an eye on.
On the drum 'n' bass side of things, another student DJ champion - Kormac - will be showing off his interesting technique of scratching vinyl with his chin. He'll be joined by (amongst others) Zero Tolerance, who began DJing for Bassbin when he was 18, and has a couple of releases to his name.

SPLYCE: With OB's head behind him

LEE BURRIDGE

SAT 2 JUNE £12
MONO

Another dose of breakbeat-progressive house hits Dublin, this time courtesy of veteran English DJ Lee Burridge. Way back in the early 90s, Burridge upped and left his native land for the more exotic appeal of Hong Kong. Once there, he quickly became a big name DJ, guesting at clubs such as Cream, Ministry, Malibu Stacey and Northern Exposure. He also was a key part of the legendary full moon parties at Ko Pha Ngan, Thailand. Meanwhile, back in England, Burridge's reputation was steadily on the rise. He recently recorded a mix for the mainstream-but-respectable Global Underground series. If you don't find Sasha-esque prog boring, then you'll enjoy this night.

DAMAGE

SUN 3 JUNE £13.50
TBMC DOORS 7.30PM

These London lads have been around for about 10 years now - proving that there's more to a pretty boy than meets the eye. Their first major hit, Ghetto Romance, was written by the legendary Joe (Stutter), and can still manage to raise the roof at all the best gigs. In the shameless tradition of soulful rnb, Damage combine rich voices with super slick dance moves.
This event doubles up as a launch for their new album, Since You've Been Gone, an rnb combo of funk, sultry latino beats and deep, soulful ballads which features the sassy Kele le Roc and Emma Bunton (we won't hold it against them).

CLUB CONTACT DETAILS:

Eamon Doran's (450), Crown Alley, 679 9114 **Frazers** (800), O'Connell St., 878 7505 **Gaiety** (900), South King St., 679 5622 **HQ** (600), Middle Abbey St. 889 9499 **Isaac Butt** (620), Store Street, 855 5884 **Kitchen** (575), East Essex St., 677 6635 **Mono** (700), Wexford St. 475 8555 **Peg's** (800), Kildare St., 6794388 **Parnell Mooney** (230) Parnell St. 873 1544 **Pod** (600), Harcourt St., 478 0225 **Red Box** (1100), Harcourt St., 478 0166 **Ri-Ra** (500), Dame Court, 677 4835 **Sugar Club** (250), Leeson St., 678 7188 **Switch** (350), Eustace Street, 670 7655 **Temple Bar Music Centre** (600), Curved Street, 670 9202 **Temple Theatre** (2000), Temple St., 874 5088 **Velvet** (400), Harcourt St. 478 3677 **Shelter** (250), Vicar St., 454 5533 **Whelan's**, Wexford St., 478 0766

JOHN KELLY
SUN 3 JUNE **£22.50***
TEMPLE THEATRE

Where did he go? Scouser John Kelly is one of UK dance music's yesterday men. The former Cream resident and all-round DJ royale did much for the cause of house music in Liverpool at the turn of the decade (and through the early '90s) and was as competent and well placed as any of his peers to make the serious grade. 1996's Space Wars compilation duel with Judge Jules (and subsequent DJ dates) saw him blow the speccy prick out of the water, yet he's been awful quiet in recent years. Still, as big room dates in Dublin go, there's not much bigger than the Temple main room. Expect an excellent night without the malarkey associated with the big names.

*£15 with a ticket from Judgement Sunday

SCOTT BOND
SUN 3 JUNE **£11.50**
RED BOX

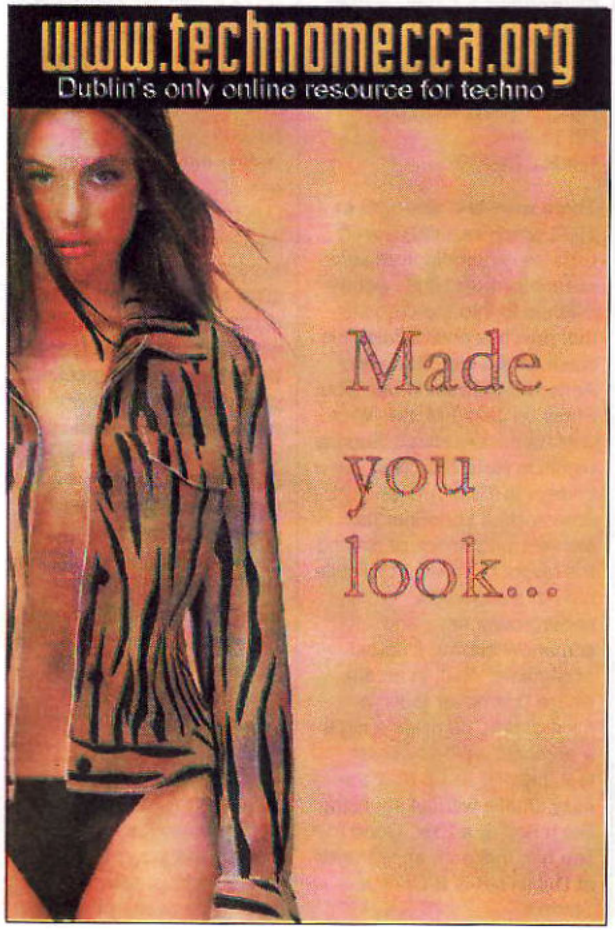
Gatecrasher resident and man with his finger in the till (legally) at the end of each money-raking night. This Bank Holiday show will be Scott Bond's debut appearance at the Redbox - up 'til now you had to be brave and head up towards the Temple Theatre if you were hell bent on hearing him spin. Why you'd want to is another question entirely. Coming straight from the genre-hopping genre, Bond used to play full-on trance (when it was cool with da kids) and now plays progressive stuff ('cos it's cool with da kids). Here's an idea - tune into your local pirate radio station, turn the lights in your sitting room on and off really fast and dance on the sofa - it'll be just as much fun and far less expensive than hearing this shit merchant play.

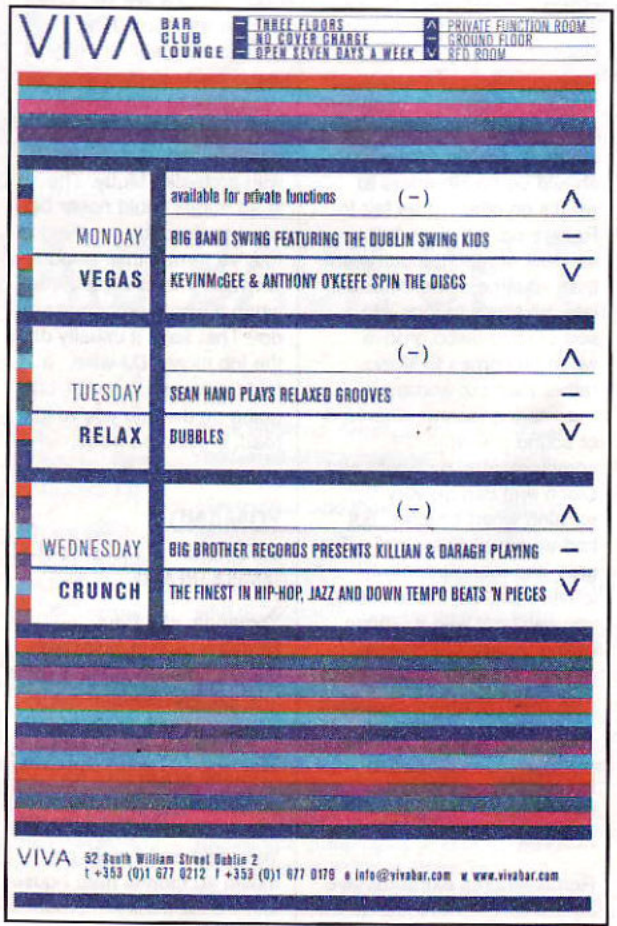
JUDGEMENT SUNDAY
SUN 3 JUNE **£51**
POINT DEPOT

Judge Jules is back, and if that prospect wasn't bad enough, he's with Safri Duo and Mauro Picotto this time. There seems little point in slating Jules anymore because you just have to come up with new ways of saying he's shit the following month. Euro trance garbage and a trumpet to boot. Mauro Picotto is a hard house DJ who releases on Nukleuz. His track 'Komodo' sold well, and the story goes that he's actually a techno and trance DJ who got tarred with the hard house brush, but then if that can happen to you, you probably deserve it. Safri Duo are a pair of classically trained percussionists who got their hands on some software and started whacking out budget euro cheese track. As forgettable as stuff you forget real easy - and only £51. My God.

ROCKERS HI FI
MON 4 JUNE **£11/10**
SHELTER **DOORS 7.30PM**

The Whelan's dancefloor was more empty than full last time Rockers Hi-Fi came to Dublin, but that couldn't stop the flow: in heavily dreadlocked regalia, MC Farda P danced on the edge of the stage and skanked his way through the crowd, mic in hand, until every pair of hips in the place was shaking and swaying, while his partner worked magic on the decks and effects. The band's sound is hard to pin down, and on album they occasionally indulge in faster and harder beats. 'Rockers' (the genre of reggae) - will get another trip-hop-style revamp in the Shelter this time around, when the full band makes an appearance. (The Whelans show only featured two band members.) If it works, even crowds of Irish dancers might start to look good.



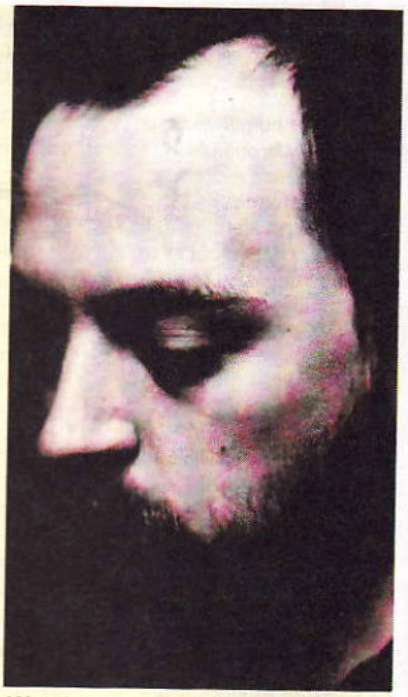


GETTING PUSHY WITH IT

SQUAREPUSHER

FRI 8 JUNE £12.50
TBMC DOORS 11PM

Tom Jenkinson, aka Squarepusher, was supposedly discovered playing frenetic drum 'n' bass records while hypnotically plucking away at his bass guitar in the DJ booth. It may not be 100% true, but the image certainly sticks in the mind.
It's not early 90s London any more though, and these days live electronica audiences have come to expect a bobbing head on the other side of a laptop as the main on-stage presence.
Whatever form Squarepusher takes in Dublin, his angry and chaotic sounds are likely to take your ears and stretch them around your head a few times. Hyperbole maybe, but this is, after all, the man who helped invent a sound called "drill 'n' bass."
Although Squarepusher shares characteristics with his labelmate Aphex Twin, he is more likely to tease listeners with melodic fragments and ideas, which come from his own jazz-influenced background. (Jenkinson's dad plays drums, and Squarepusher's drum programming has been compared to Art Blakey live.)
If he could bear to make music that was remotely popular, this man would be worth millions. His new single, "My Red Hot Car," proves the point by brutally taking the piss out of genres like speed garage and R&B, but with that same frenetic energy that makes it intense and listenable on its own.



Watch out, or he'll fuck with your head.

JUSTIN ROBERTSON

FRI 8 JUNE £12.50
MONO

Robertson and his support crew of Rob Bright and local boy Jay Cisco have become a bit of a cosy cartel at this stage, so Dublin dance fans should be no strangers to what's on offer. To be fair to Robertson, although he's capable of much, much more than what he's been doing of late, he tends to lock into a sort of robo-disco groove when he comes to Mono, rather than out-and-out hammering techno. This kind of sound is well complemented by Bright and Cisco and can be very exciting when it works, but has an equal chance of being grey and monotonous, leaving you out in the cold if you can't get with it. Those willing to take the chance, though, could do worse than rock down to Mono.

HYBRID

SAT 9 JUNE £11.50
RED BOX

Remix-whores extraordinaire Hybrid hit the Harcourt Street school disco - sorry, the Redbox for a DJ set as opposed to a live set. Live, the trio are something approaching shit-hot (if you like breakbeat-meets-progressive) and have recently returned from a much-hyped tour of the US with arch-idiot Moby. The word subtle could never be used to describe anything they've turned their hand to ... why add one string sample when a whole orchestra will do? That said, it usually does the job nicely. DJ-wise, a fairly unknown quantity, but going on the info you've just read, it could be good.

YOMANDA

SAT 9 JUNE £8/7
TEMPLE THEATRE

Yomanda, aka Paul Masterston, first flirted with the big time when his 'Synths and Strings' stormed the British charts back in 1999. But the disco-driven trance of Masterston's first hit had developed into a more manic sound earlier this year, when Yomanda and Fergie co-mixed 40 mental hard house and trance tracks to produce Hard Energy, a no-holds-barred chew your cheeks out extravaganza. Expect a mad one.

KEITH LAWRENCE

FRI 15 JUNE £8/7
TEMPLE THEATRE

There were two elements in 1998 which assisted Dublin rnb's development from semi-ridiculous music that nobody listened to into the collosus that now has an unshakeable claim on the city. One was Aoife Nic Canna's Urban Soul Show on Jazz FM, the other was Keith Lawrence's Sunday nights in RiRa (and later Fridays in TBMC). The dreadlocked Londoner has the veteran's knack of playing the height of commercial shite next to a supercool underground flava and somehow making it sound acceptable. Also, in an era where DJs never touch a microphone, he gives a night a personal we-r-da-clique feel, bigging us up over the sexy shuffle without sounding like a nob at a 21st. Good to see him make an appearance at Dublin's R & B Central Station.

UMEK

FRI 15 JUNE £10
ISAAC BUTT

After his recent visit to Isaac Butt in March, the Slovenian Umek returns to Dublin for another bout of 3 deck techno mayhem. Technically one of the most proficient DJs around, anyone who hasn't seen him before can expect a healthy dose of scratching and double copy action amid the onslaught. As well as being a top class DJ, Umek's name has received plenty of publicity courtesy of the popularity of productions on big mix compilations like Slam's 'Past Lessons / Future Theories'. Of late, his routinely hard sound has been deviating to incorporate slightly funkier, and even tribal leanings - see 'Mumps Mechanisms' on Tortured and 'Voices of Africa Vol 1' on Primate respectively for proof. Isaac Butt may not be the most salubrious of joints, but it's dark cavernous feel should only add to the atmosphere. Expect some serious techno anoraks to be in attendance, staring intently at Umek's every move.

JAM IN THE PARK
SAT 16 JUNE £42.50/37.50
DALYMOUNT

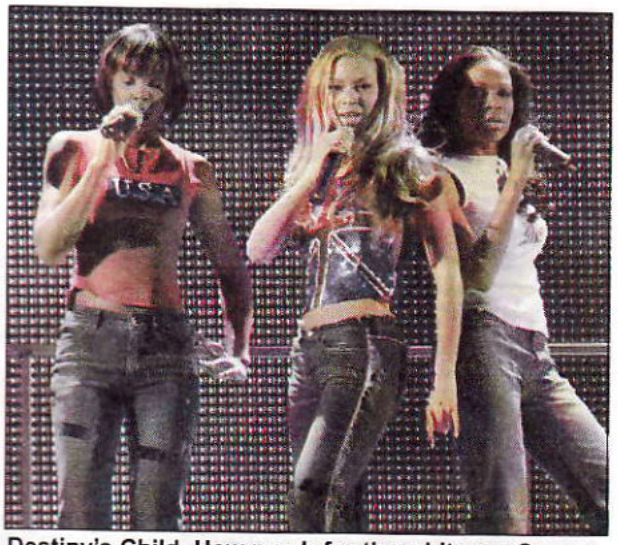
This rnb gig was originally supposed to have all manner of rap and soul superstars playing at it. Snoop Doggy Dogg and Wyclef Jean were both bandied around as very real possibilities, but instead we've been given Destiny's Child, Eve, Trevor Nelson... and Bellefire (the new Corrs, apparently), who've got absolutely nothing to do with rnb, but whose manager John Reynolds just happens to be promoting this event. The venue choice is a bit of a throwback to 1994's Sunstroke gig which featured the great Ice Cube. Anyway, Destiny's Child are sure to find friends in Ireland, where their special simultaneous devotion to God and money will be seen as a useful virtue. Watch out for Artful Dodger who recently put in a good performance to a tent full of pillheads at the Trinity Ball.

JEREMY HEALY
SAT 16 JUNE £11.50
RED BOX

The leathery old slag has had a hard time of it over the past few years and there's not many who'd shed a tear for him. From being ranked in 1995 above Sasha, Digweed and Oakenfold as Britain's Number One DJ (Jesus, what were they on in '95??) to being universally reviled as the worst kind of talentless flash bastard. And you can add to that the rumour that he's been reduced to playing the Swallows Arms on a Tuesday night. The truth is somewhere in between. Like his pal Boy George (who doesn't get half the stick), Healy's grown up with four decades of clubbing in his blood, so his pre acid house sensibilites, like George, can lead him in some naff directions. He has tried damn hard since the decadent mid-90's to rid himself of the goon tag, brushed up on his DJing and I imagine anyone who checks him out tonight will be surprised at how professional and, well, almost cool he can be when he tries.

ANDREW WEATHERALL & KEITH TENNISWOOD
SAT 16 JUNE £12.50
TBMC

Offer your socks up in thanks as once again Andrew Weatherall plays to a Dublin audience. Expect some ferocious electro and rude techno from a man who is famous for so many things we're not going to bother mentioning any of them here. His Music Centre gig last year was one of the best demonstrations of tough techno to hit Dublin recently. Sharing the bill is fellow Lone Swordsman Keith Tenniswood who will be performing a live set as Radiation Man. Judging by his releases on Rotter's Golf Club and Fuel Records, Tenniswood's extreme use of bass will cause you mass loss of tooth enamel and possibly give you a facelift of some kind. Support on the night comes from Decal's Alan & Dennis whose uncompromising electro sets have caused tears of joy in grown men. If you are anything less than that you may swallow your brain stem. What better way to spend a mid-June evening?



Destiny's Child. How much for the white one?

Weatherall and Tenniswood: Two Lone cigar-smoking weirdos

SOME LAID BACK SHIT

RICHARD DORFMEISTER
FRI 15 JUNE £8.50
HQ DOORS 11PM

Fans of trendy, downbeat music will be pulling on their polo necks with great gusto this month in anticipation of one half of dubby hip hop duo Kruder and Dorfmeister hitting the HQ.

The Viennese pair are most famous for their remixing work, and some would claim that they have brought the art to a new level. One excited commentator even went so far as to say that "an artist who gets K&D to work with them gets an extra imprimatur of cool."

K&D remix sessions typically last weeks and involve a complete reconstruction of the track involved. Amongst the best-known recipients of this treatment have been William Orbit, Bomb the Bass, Bone Thugs-N-Harmony and then, in 1999, Madonna, whose single 'Nothing Really Matters' went under the Austrians' knife.

Aside from K&D, Dorfmeister has teamed up with schoolmate Rupert Huber to form Tosca, a slightly more experimental, ambient outfit than his partnership with Kruder. Dorfmeister has cited albums by Miles Davis, Horace Andy and Simon and Garfunkel amongst the records that changed his life. This would seem to confirm that an evening of walking around making intelligent observations about the music (rather than jumping up and down like a crazed mentaller) is in store.

HOWIE B
FRI 22 JUNE £8.50
HQ

Howie is looking perilously like a 90s dance cliché these days. Starting the decade loosely associated with Soul 2 Soul and Massive Attack (as you do) he went on to record on Mo' Wax, remix, produce and tour with U2, and turn down major label heat to form his own "interesting" label, Pussyfoot. And of course, he gave Bjork one. Allegedy. He never went stellar, but hasn't been able to carve out an elder stateman image for himself with the same success as his closest comparison, Andrew Weatherall. Undoubtedly, he's very rich and happy and couldn't give a bollox. And he's never less than excellent behind the wheel, if a little perplexing at times.

TIDY BOYS
SAT 23 JUNE £12.50
TEMPLE THEATRE

"It ain't intelligent, it ain't from Detroit but it's facking 'aving it!" is how a wise old raver once put it, before eating his own arm in a state of ampheto-hysteria. The Tidy Boys, Andy and Amadeus, are back in Dublin to give the ever-growing hard house massive another roasting. Unsurprisingly, there's a product to be flogged, in this case it's their stonkoramic new double comp "The Tidy Boys Annual" (out on the lads' Tidy Trax label - probably the biggest Hard House imprint around). It's packaged quite cutely as a "Boys Own" annual with a puzzle and colouring booklet included. The music is more of the same, but since when did that matter?

CHRISTIAN SMITH
SAT 23 JUNE £10
ISAAC BUTT

An Irish debut for Smith, who originally made his name on some excellent collaborations with John Selway. Smith's production talent has catapulated him onto the international stage over the last year. He's one of those producers who appeals to a broad range of people, with his tracks getting a hammering by DJs as diverse as Carl Cox and Sasha. Smith has had material released on the Tronik, In-Tec and Cube labels and big things are expected from him before the year is out. On the night, expect to hear a diverse mix of techno from the funky to the full-on. Support comes from the excellent Rosman DJ's.

WRITERS NEEDED

Do you feel like writing about any of the music featured in this section. Then why not chance your arm? Drop us a mail at theslate@iol.ie or ring 662 0013

LUCIEN FOORT
FRI 29 JUNE £11/10
MONO

My, aren't we lucky - this is the second Gatecrasher resident to visit our dirty aul town this month (see Scott Bond at the Redbox preview). Foort is one of those 'funny' residents - i.e. he plays there once every six weeks and lives off the back of it. The odd thing about Foort is that he's still playing the PVD power trance stuff that went out around a year ago - if you could be arsed keeping up with such nonsense - check his recent Essential Mix listing for proof. Alice Deejay mixes - we shit you not.

CHRIS SIMMONDS
SAT 30 JUNE £10
HQ

Deep house dude Chris Simmonds has played here before - to mass yawns really. It's not that he's a bad DJ, it's just that there's a lot better out there - including bucketloads in our own city. But maybe that's not the point. Simmonds has released a few tracks on the likes of Definitive and Bosh, and also runs the decent Cross Section label - the one with the little X-man on it - where he's had his biggest hits. A little lacklustre this might be, but if you like your house this'll be worth checking.

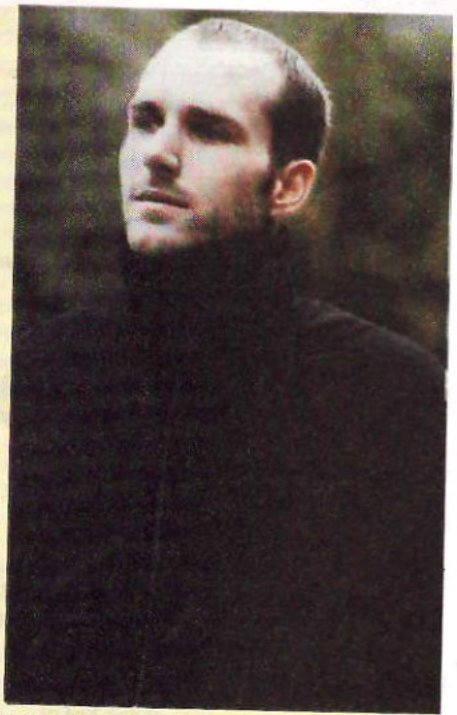
THE CAM ASSASIN

DJ CAM
SAT 23 JUNE £11.50
TBMC

If you don't fancy trudging around Creamfields trying to avoid fans of that cunt Judge Jules on 23 June, then a trip to the Temple Bar Music Centre to see Parisien hip hop producer DJ Cam is well recommended. For the uninitiated, Cam, aka Laurent Daumail, closely resembles the likes of DJ Krush, DJ Shadow, and other experimental hip hop musicians who were lumped in with the unfortunate trip hop disaster of the mid to late 90s.

Taking the experimental, beat-heavy sound that was pioneered by early 90s jazz/hip hop fusionists, Cam developed his own style of meandering, downbeat instrumental music. While his efforts were largely ignored by the rather narrow-minded hip hop audience in France, his downbeat noodlings gained much popularity among the British and US press.

Cam has released a number of solo albums, with major label success coming in the form of 'The Beat Assasinated' on Columbia. While his predilection for ill-advised orchestral samples and the odd unfortunate collaboration may mean that some of his material is hit and miss, this live show, which will see Daumail joined by the French MC Otis, should be a cracker.



Fuck Creamfields. Check out this chap instead.

CREAMFIELDS

SAT 23 JUNE £51
PUNCHESTOWN

It would, of course, be gratifying to write Creamfield off as a festival of whores and ass-lickers. Run by those money-loving fucks at MCD and hyped to shite, this is the perfect target for an insightful, bitter magazine like The Slate. But the horrible truth is that the prospect of a lineup like this and 30,000 people fucked out of their heads is just too tempting for the average clubber to ignore. True, Creamfields won't cater to those with particularly obscure or underground tastes, but there are still a truckload of DJs and performers whose appearances in Ireland are limited enough to almost warrant paying £51 quid. Here are some of the notable acts.

Beck tries hard to remember why he chose those particular trousers

OUTKAST

With their soft-edged Southern Soul and nice guy lyrics, Outkast have managed to brand themselves as the acceptable face of hip hop. Unfortunately this 'we're really quirky' stunt hasn't masked the fact that they are absolutely shit at rapping. Getting a number 1 with the saccharine and pukey Ms Jackson has confirmed the band's status as worldwide superstars.

BECK

Although Beck's juggling of music styles has often produced some interesting results, the longer he goes on the more the word 'gimmicky' springs to mind. With each new album, the energy of Mellow Gold seems to slip a little bit further away. Still, he knows how to put on a stage show.

RICHIE HAWTIN/LUKE SLATER

Even a short festival set of Hawtin's driving techno will be a tasty appetizer for his Mono appearance in a few months. The man's sky-high reputation comes not just from his ominous and fearful sound but from his flawless live mixes. Later on in the Bugged Out arena, Luke Slater will treat the crowd to a relentless selection of beats with the occasional slice of funk thrown in.

GOLDIE / STORM

The Metalheadz arena rightfully features the label's founder, Goldie. Unlike some of the harder drum 'n' bass DJ's out there at the moment, Goldie keeps a fair bit of soul in his jungle, through airy female vocals over the bass riffs. Storm helped Goldie run the Metalheadz label for more than 2 years. She has kept a relatively low profile recently and this will be a rare Dublin chance to see her skills in action.

Goldie

FATBOY SLIM

This year saw Fatboy miraculously return from tabloid hell when "Star 69" bounced back into most of the better-known DJs' record boxes. He has won back some cred with the likes of Tenaglia and Cox and just about avoided the dinosaur trap which befalls most big-time dance names who start acting the bollix with U2. Hopefully, his dancefloor instinct will never let him down

CHEMICAL BROTHERS

Two ugly, dull, self-righteous fuckers who, over the last few years, have sat down with nearly every form of cool music and managed to purge it of its fun and vitality and then made us watch them fiddle about with gadgets on a stage, reproducing it. Top entertainment. Still, nobody could deny them their supernova years, spearheading the breaks and beats movement and recording a string of timeless classics.

Pete Tong

PETE TONG

The consummate dance floor player and he's not a big cheese for nothing. At this point Tong has done everything a DJ could possibly dream about and is untouchable as the premier global don, all without releasing a single record of his own. However, he can't shake off Paul (Orbital) Hartnoll's unkind revelation that he mimed to a pre-recorded DAT mix in front of Creams NYE crowd. Ouch!

MONDAYS

>>> NEW REVIEW
EAMONN DORANS
MELTING POT £4

Dublin is rammed with commercial rnb nights that throw in the odd rap track, but this is the city's only proper hip hop club. It's been running in Doran's basement for years and now showcases various different aspects of the city's hip hop culture - breakdancers, MCs, people with racial identity crises, etc. Music comes from residents OB and the hugely talented Splyce. For any hip hop fan, Splyce's deck theatrics and the spontaneous b-boy/rapper antics will more than make up for the occasional lapses in crowd numbers that Melting Pot suffers from.

KITCHEN
DA SMOOVE £5
Last Review: March 2001

You'll hear some good hip hop, rnb and street soul tracks here, but the way they are put together isn't really conducive to a very atmospheric dancefloor. Vodka/Agwa/Energy Drink £1

RIRA
STRICTLY HANDBAG £5/4
Last Review: March 2001

Shameless 80s hits from Aidan Kelly downstairs, while Dandelion bangs out the 60s stuff in the Globe. One of the best late night drinking joints in town.

SWITCH
FREEDOM £5

Gay night which avoids all the outrageous pink boa carry-on that you'll find in the Pod and the George. This is by no means a bad thing. All pints just £2 before 12.30.

TUESDAYS

KITCHEN
GENIUS £5
Last Review: March 2001

Genius has been running for years and has enough of a reputation to pack them in every week. They come for the techno (toned down a little bit of late), cheap booze and mayhem, and rarely go home disappointed. Red Bull and Vodka are on sale for £1 each.

RIRA
BUMP N HUSSLE £5/4

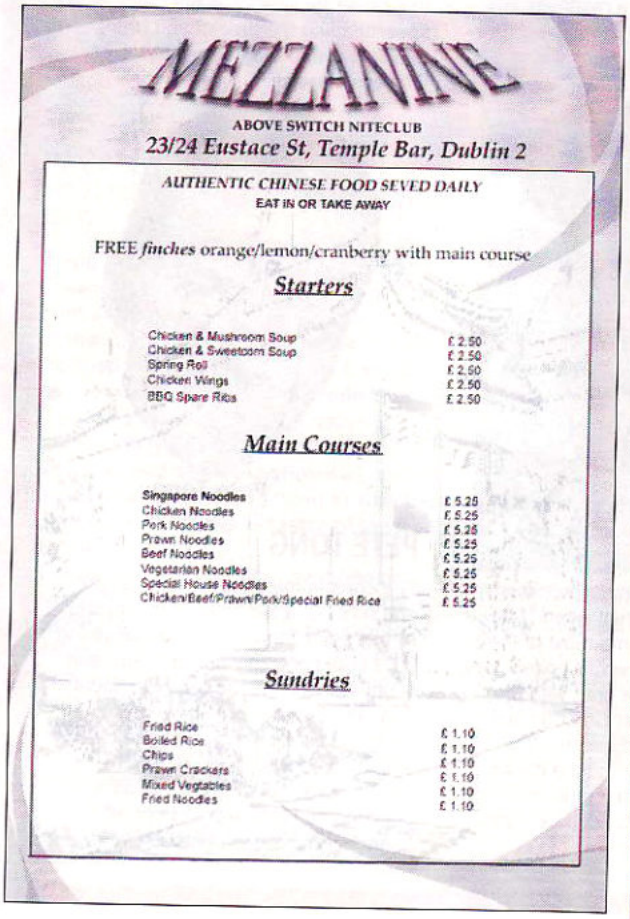
Fionn Davenport plays hip hop, soul and funk to an enthusiastic midweek crowd. The Ri-Ra formula certainly works well and the young crowd get properly into it.

SWITCH
DAMAGE £5
Last Review: March 2001

One of Dublin's best midweek clubs. It attracts a bunch of techno nutters who go fucking mental on the dancefloor until well after the lights. Vodka and Shark £2.

>>> NEW REVIEW
TBMC
SALSA VILLA £6.50

The energetic Dr. Rumba hosts a dance class (starting at 8.30) before this club, and if you miss that, you'll probably be at sea for the rest of the night. The newly refurbished venue is hardly throbbing with Latino passion, and the bar area has a distinct airport lounge feel to it. Drinks start off very expensive, and then after midnight become ludicrously so. It's entertaining trying to decide on the best gyrating couple, but if you can't salsa, and let's face it, you probably can't, the novelty soon wears off. Beware distinctly unfriendly management and downright rude bouncers.



AMAZING COMPETITION!!!
win loads of free tickets

All you have to do is send an email to clubbing@theslate.ie, telling us why you should get the tickets and which of the following you would prefer. First come first served.

- **CREAMFIELDS** Punchestown, Sat 23rd of June. We have a pair of tickets (worth £51 each!!) to give to one fucking lucky reader.
- **RAHZEL** The Pod, Sun 3 June. 3 pairs of tickets up for grabs.
- **DJ CAM** TBMC, Sat 23 June. 3 pairs of tickets are sitting in our offices.
- **RICHARD DORFMEISTER** HQ, Fri 15 June. 2 pairs of tickets ready to be won.
- **YOMANDA/MODELLE** Temple Theatre, Sat 9 June. 2 pairs of tickets with your name on them.
- **HOWIE B** HQ, Fri 22 June. 2 pairs of tickets in the hat. Will they be yours?

WEDNESDAY

EAMON DORAN'S
HEAT £5/4

DJ Skills from the Urban Mix Crew and Power FM's DJ Eddie take over Doran's basement for a bit of rnb.

MONO
BLISS £5

Packed with first-year students getting shit-faced on dangerous booze promos while Nova FM's Conor G plays his best cheesy trance. All drinks £1.50

PARNELL MOONEY
FIREHOUSE SKANK £5/4
Last Review: March 2001

Dub and rootsy reggae at one of Dublin's top club nights. Well worth trekking up O'Connell St. to savour the smokey atmosphere.

POD
GLORY £5
Two for the price of one b4 12. Ladies free b4 12

Messy affair as a mass of students invade the Pod. Their reward is a DJ who can actually play his decks. Bud/ Guin £2 a pint. V&RB £2.

RIRA
TONGUE N GROOVE £5

Today FM star Donal Dineen headlines with a mix of hip hop, house, soul and whatever other dancefloor stuff he feels like. Pretty reasonable stuff all round.

SUGAR CLUB
LUCK BE A LADY £7

A Casino night that's more Monopoly than Monte Carlo. The roulette, swing music and James Bond theme doesn't come off but the live music isn't bad.

SWITCH
FUNK'D UP £5/4
Last Review: March 2001

One of the only places you're likely to find 'serious' dance music on a Wednesday night. All-action tech house from Impulsive Records DJs. Vodka and Shark £2.

TEMPLE THEATRE
MISSING IN ACTION £5
Free before 10pm

DJ Country Kev spins commercial dance music with Jay Pidgeon banging out the harder stuff downstairs in the Crypt.

TBMC
HIT + RUN £5
£3 with a student card. Free in before 10.30

Check this out for house, disco and a chilled out atmosphere that's miles away from the usual shite that gets flung at students.

>>> NEW REVIEW
KITCHEN
BLUE £5/4

Predicting the atmosphere at a midweek night is a difficult business. Newcomer Sinead Deevey deservedly got a rapturous response when she played Blue last month, whereas the excellent Alex Moran finished his set to dead silence a couple of weeks later. What you can rely on is that - after five years running this club - promoters Shay Hannon and Hugh Scully know how to lay on the best in deep house. The two lads - who also play the Pod on Fridays - make regular appearances themselves and also bring in a fair few interesting guests. As with all top midweek clubs, Blue can produce some full-on debauchery when it gets going.

IN A RUSH?

MONDAYS
Eamon Doran's: Melting Pot, £4 *hip hop*
Kitchen: Da Smoove, £5 *hip hop/ rnb/ swing*
Ri Ra: Strictly Handbag, £5 *Shameless 80s & funk*
Switch: Freedom (Underground gay night), £5 *house*

TUESDAYS
Kitchen: Genius, £5 *techno*
Ri Ra: Bump n Hussle, £5 *hip hop, soul and funk*
Switch: Damage, £5 *techno*
TBMC: Salsa Villa, £6.50 *latin dance with lessons beforehand*

WEDNESDAYS
Eamon Doran's: Heat, £5/4 *rnb*
Kitchen: Blue, £5/4 *deep house*
Mono: Bliss, £5 *student*
Parnell Mooney: Firehouse Skank, £5 *reggae*
POD: Glory, £5 *student*
Ri Ra: Tongue n Groove, £5 *hip hop, beats*
Sugar Club: Luck be a Lady, £7, *casino*
Switch: Funk'd Up, £5 *tech-house*
TBMC: Hit and Run, £3/4 *house & disco*
Temple Theatre: Missing in Action, £5/free before 10pm *student*

THURSDAYS
Kitchen: Nu Breed, £6 *varied dance music*
Eamon Doran's: DJ Graemo £4 *Acid Jazz*
Pod: Vibe, £7/5/4 *rnb*
Red Box: Revolver, £5/4 *student*
Ri Ra: Funk Off, £6/5 *eclectic beats*
Shooters: Automatic, £5 *tech house*
Switch: Phuturegroove, £5 *laid back house*
TBMC: Screamadelica, £5/4 *indie*
Whelan's: Phantasm, £5 *indie*

FRIDAYS
Frazer's: D:Fuse, £5/4 *techno*
Gaiety: Salsa Palace, £7/6
HQ: Soul Clinic, £8.50 *house*
Isaac Butt: Logic £varied *techno/house*
Kitchen: Brown Sugar/ Resolution/Diode, £10 *rnb/dnb/techno*
Mono: Motion, £varied *usually techno*
POD: Ham (Gay), £8/6 *house*
Red Box: Devotion, £10/12 *guests*
Ri Ra: Funkshun, £7/6 *70s/80s*
Switch: Refuge, £8 *dnb*
Temple Theatre: Rhythm Corporation, £8/7 *rnb*
Temple Theatre: Pasha @ The Crypt, progressive £8/7
Whelan's: £5 *indie*
TMBC: Eyecue, £5 *rotating Dublin-based techno DJs*

SATURDAYS
Gaiety: Soul Stage £8
HQ: Neon, £10 *house*
Isaac Butt: Stereo, £10 *house/techno*
Kitchen: Fever/Nova, £10 *progressive house*
Mono: Rotate, £12/8 *house*
POD: Modern Art, £8 *house*
Ri Ra: Swirl, £8 *house/US Garage*
Switch: Model 1, £8 *techno*
Temple Theatre: Sp@ce, £12.50 *hard house/trance*
Vicar St: Velure, £7/6 *eclectic*

I've been to all these clubs.

SUNDAYS
Eamon Doran's: Playaz Ball, £4
HQ: Fresh n Funky, £6 *soul/rnb*
Kitchen: Wildlife, £5 *house*
POD: Odyssey, £5 *house*
Ri Ra: Bass Monkey, £5/4 *hip hop/soul*
Switch: Central, £5 *house*

THURSDAYS

EAMON DORAN'S
ACID JAZZ £4

When the Blue Note closed, it was assumed that Acid Jazz would do the decent thing and get the fuck out of Dublin. But Thursday in Doran's sees DJ Graemo catapulting us all into a naff 90s timewarp with some of this defunct music.

KITCHEN
NU BREED £6

New night which will pair established Influx DJs with up and coming youngsters who have sent tapes in to the promoters (do so if you fancy a gig and think that you're good enought). It hasn't been on long enough for a proper review yet.

Promoters: Let us know what you've got going on by emailing clubs@theslate.ie or phoning 01 664 0007

>>> NEW REVIEW
RED BOX
REVOLVER £5/4
STUDENT LADIES FREE B4 12

More proof that prefixing something with the word 'student' means it's going to be a pile of shite. The Red Box is not a bad venue for a proper dance event, where everyone is crammed tightly together, focussing their attentions closely on the DJ. But for the unfortunate drunk who staggers blindly around the darkened dancefloor, this must be a fairly bewildering evening. The music is confused - that naff hybrid where drug music meets drink culture and everyone dances against their will because it's way too noisy to do anything else. At least there's some cheap booze to lose your mind on. Pints £1.50. V&RB £2.50.

POD
VIBE £7/5/4
Last Review: March 2001

Frank Jez and Mark White play a blend of hip hop beats and soulful rnb; inviting a bunch of well into it punters to bump n grind into the wee hours.

RIRA
FUNK OFF £6/5

Aran McMahon plays an eclectic, beat-orientated set. It certainly packs the dancefloor out, but there is still room upstairs in the Globe for tired dancers to collapse in.

SHOOTERS
AUTOMATIC £5

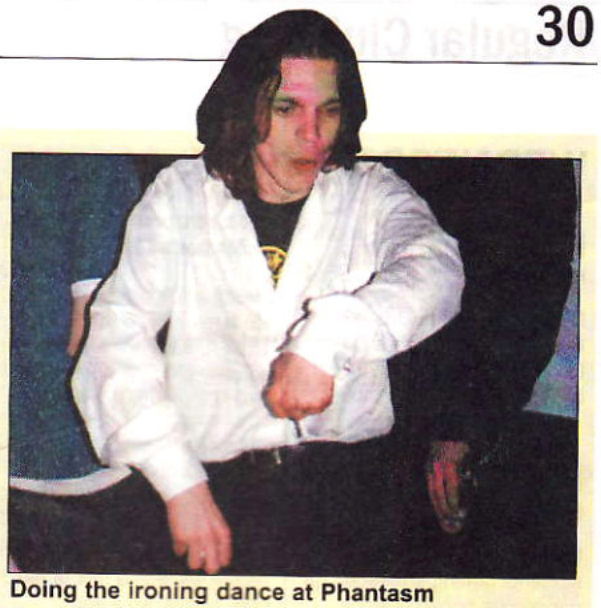
This only opened up after we went to press. Tech house from Scratch Doran and Kubaiaishai. Oliver Ho played their opening night and they have some other interesting guests lined up (see our once-off listings).

SWITCH
PHUTUREGROOVE £5
LAST REVIEW: MARCH 2001

Mark Dixon and Billy Scurry play an accessible selection of house (plenty of xylophones and other non-threatening sounds). The crowd tend to be almost as trendy as the jazzy house tunes, and this means that Phuturegroove is kind of lacking the reckless atmosphere that usually prevails on the Switch dancefloor. Asahi, Grolsch and Nastro Azzurro are all available at just £2 per bottle.

TBMC
SCREAMADELICA £5/4

This indie night is full of nostalgic rock people in desert boots who think that Primal Scream made the best dance music of all time. Also prides itself on having an array of DJs who can't mix. A good option if you are bent on guitar-inspired mayhem.



Doing the ironing dance at Phantasm

>>> NEW REVIEW
WHELAN'S
PHANTASM £5

This post-gig indie club is run by Phantom FM and tends to be rammed to the gills with enthusiastic students. Most of the music is of the jumping around in a woolly jumper variety, and the crowd respond accordingly. This means that when Nirvana comes on (minimum quota: two albums per night) they go berserk and scream along to the lyrics, and when it's Jeff Buckley, they fall around drunkenly trying to have conversations and get off with each other. A good option for a night on the batter if you don't feel like listening to dance music.

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FRIDAYS

FRAZERS
D:FUSE £5/4
Last Review: March 2001

Dublin's most underground techno night takes place in a basement at the top of O'Connell St. Hard, relentless sound and lots of absolute mentallers.

GAIETY
SALSA PALACE £9

In theory this club opens until 4am, but you'll find the bars, and Latin/Jazz music shutting down pretty quickly once 3.30 comes around.

HQ
SOUL CLINIC £8.50

With a crop of high profile guests coming to HQ over the summer (Richard Dorfmeister, Howie B, Kelis) Soul Clinic seems to be getting its shit together. However, it's still a mystery why resident Aidan Kelly and Mr. Ray decided to call it Soul Clinic.

ISAAC BUTT
LOGIC £VARIES

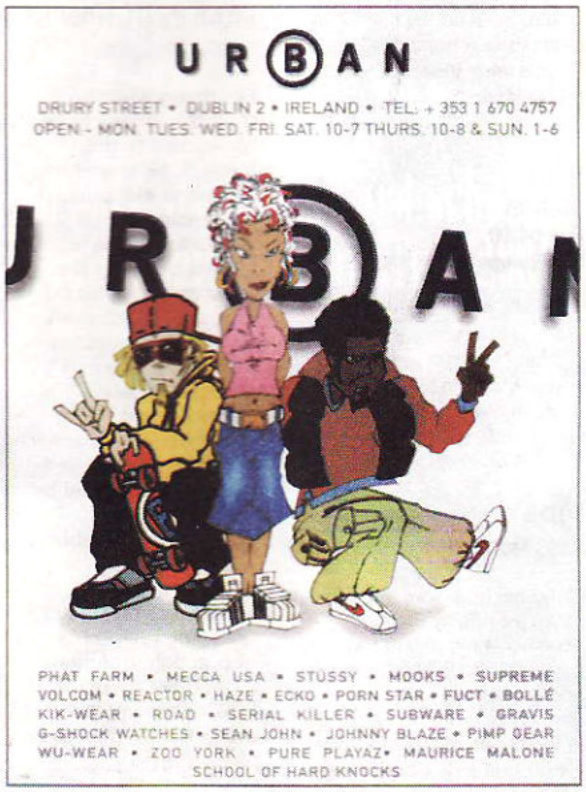
Fridays at Isaac's will be run by house DJ Bubbles from May 11th onwards. Over the last year, Bubbles has had residencies at Switch and the Pod, establishing himself as one of Dublin's top house DJs. As well as good quality house, you can expect the odd techno guest here as well.

KITCHEN
ROTATING PROMOTERS £10

Fridays in the Kitchen rotate between drum 'n' bass , techno and rnb. Your best bet is to check our once-off listings or else ring the club beforehand.

MONO
MOTION £VARIES

This is Mono's flagship night. The foreign guests (including monthly Cream and Bugged Out residencies) tend to be of the techno variety and are well worth checking out. See our once-off listings for more details on what's coming up.



>>> NEW REVIEW

SWITCH
REFUGE £8

Rohan (above right), Naphta, Keevo and the rest of the Bassbin crew take turns at the helm of Dublin's only weekly drum 'n' bass night. To non-fanatics, one drum and bass track can sound a bit like the next. This problem is eliminated at Refuge where two resident MCs - Criminal K and Wuzza - keep things varied by spitting lines at each other all night. Top class.

POD
HAM £8/6

House music from Hugh Scully and Shay Hannon keeps the dancefloor bumping until the early hours at this hedonistic gay club. Be warned though - HAM has a no-straights door policy.

RED BOX
DEVOTION £7

The Red Box has a fair bit of pulling power for international guests, and the quality is often good on Friday nights (apart from the odd trance disaster). Check out our once-off listings for more detailed information on what's coming up.

RIRA
RINKA £7/6

Mainstream clubbers move back into Rira as the weekend kicks off. This leads to a packed dancefloor with Carlito's 70s and 80s funk more than making up for any discomfort you might experience.

TEMPLE THEATRE
RHYTHM CORPORATION £8/7

Quality rnb stars from the UK in Dublin's best club venue. 1 June - Swerve. 8 June - Dodge. 15 June - Keith Lawrence (see once offs). 22 June - Mark Devlin. 29 June - Starlight Crew.

TEMPLE THEATRE
PASHA £8/

Darren Flynn bangs out hard-edged progressive stuff to an enthusiastic crowd in the Crypt.

WHELANS
INDIE £5

Anarchic guitar-based music club which kicks off when the live gig ends.

TBMC
EYECUE £8/7

This fortnightly techno night features most of Dublin's top techno DJs, including Warren K, Joe McGrath and Ronan O Ciosog.

SATURDAYS

GAIETY
SOUL STAGE £9

A wide selection of jazz, cabaret and soul means you get your money's worth entertainment-wise and, like on Friday here, the bar is open until almost 4am.

HQ
NEON £10

Weekly house night which often attracts good guests. Check our once-offs section.

ISAAC BUTT
STEREO £10

Rotating house/techno promoters. Check our once-off listings for details of guest DJs.

KITCHEN
FEVER/NOVA £10

Progressive house night that's run three nights a month by Kitchen stalwart Podje and the fourth Friday by the Nova crew.

MONO
ROTATE £10/8

Resident DJs Paddy Sheridan and Raymond Franklyn take a week each and play house to a tightly packed dancefloor.

POD
MODERN ART £8

It's Saturday night at the Pod so make an effort if you want to get in. Robbie Butler and his guests (check our once-offs guide) play thumping house.

RIRA
SWIRL £8

Good music at Ri Ra on Saturdays with Aoife Nic Canna playing US garage and house to a yuppie-ish crowd downstairs.

TEMPLE THEATRE
SP@CE £12.50

The biggest names in international trance and hard house play here on a weekly basis. Check our once offs section.

VICAR ST
VELURE £7/6

Velure's successful mix of upbeat disco and latin music has served them well down the years. Arrive before 12 and you can dance for free 'till 3am.

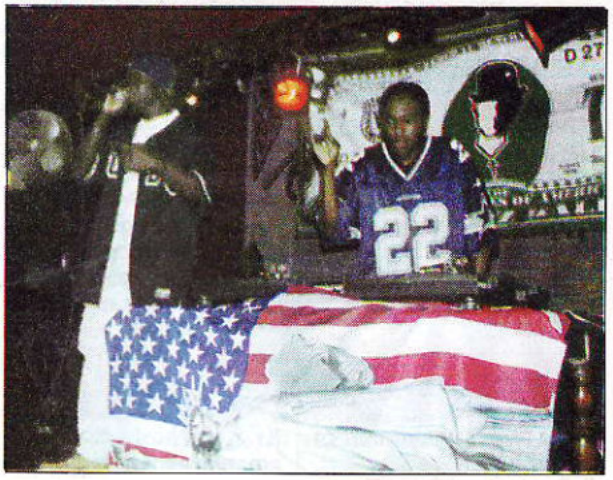
RED BOX
RED £10

A fairly random selection of (usually quite good) DJs play the Red Box on a Saturday. Watch out for Warren K and Francois this month.

>>> NEW REVIEW

SWITCH
MODEL 1 £8

Run by D1 Records, this club continues to be one of the most loyally supported nights in the city. While techno generally inspires levels of fanaticism often associated with vegetarian anti-capitalists, things are a bit different here, with the emphasis more on the deeper, funky end of the techno spectrum (this may throw anyone who's hell bent on an evening of industrial skull crushing). The residents - Eamon Doyle, Alan Carburry and the rest of the D1 posse - tend to keep the mixing smooth, as opposed to ripping in with the spin-backs, and guests have included the likes of Rob Rowland, Donnacha Costello, and DJ Bone.



Funkmaster Lee - madcap DJ from the Playaz Ball

SUNDAYS

HQ
FRESH N FUNKY £6

Mainstream soul and rnb from Tony Dixon and Stevie G here, with guests from the various Fresh n Funky clubs in London making regular appearances.

KITCHEN
WILDLIFE £5

Commercial dance night that tends to lack numbers a bit. People who show up dance enthusiastically.

POD
ODYSSEY £5
Free b4 10
Last Review: March 2001

The DJ's name is Bubbles, but he still manages to produce some of the best house music in Dublin, sending the snazzy clientele into pre-Monday denial.

RIRA
BASS MONKEY £5/4

Good hip hop, soul and funk make for a fairly laid back evening at the end of the weekend. Aoife Nic Canna and guests keep the dancefloor cowards happy up in the Globe, while newcomer Pete Pamf gets eclectic with it downstairs.

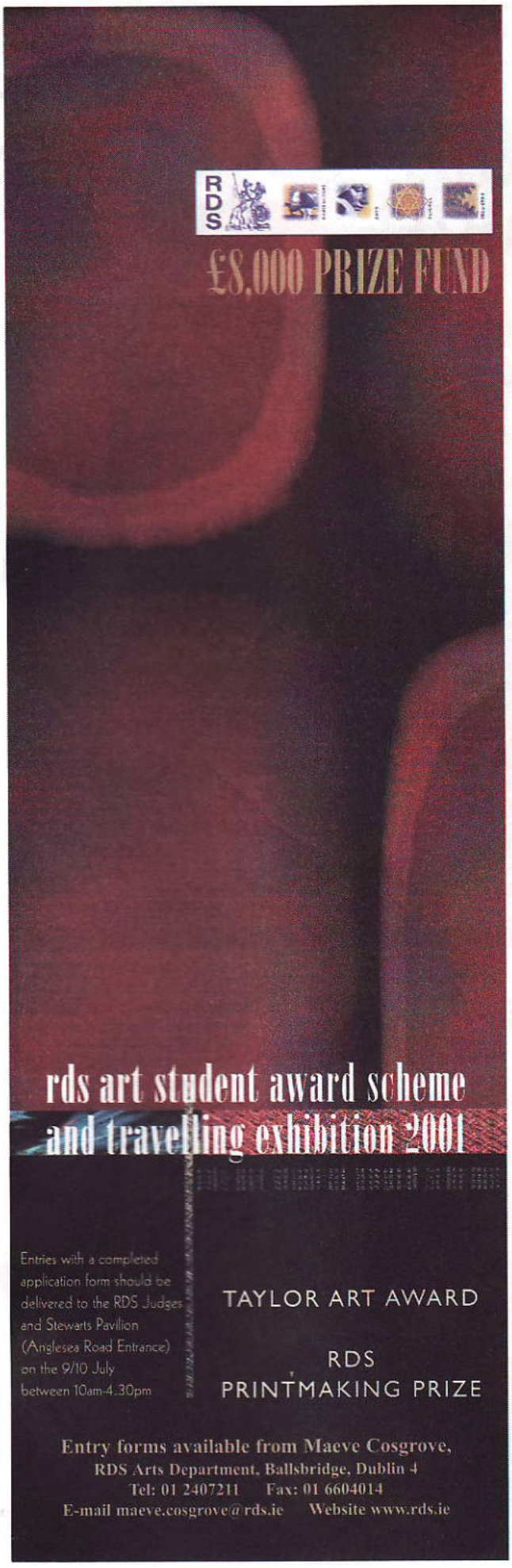
SWITCH
CENTRAL £5

One of the best club nights in town (on any night of the week) - even if it's become a touch more low key since DJ Bubbles left for the Pod a few months back. Remaining residents Sean Scully and Mr. Moto are still well capable of putting together some great house sets. Bottles of Asahi are only £2.

>>> NEW REVIEW

EAMON DORAN'S:
PLAYAZ BALL £5

For those who like their DJs noses to be blu-tacked to the mixer, look elsewhere. The hand-clapping, all-dancing Funkmaster Lee is almost certainly the most entertaining DJ in town. He belts out a block party selection of rnb, hip hop and garage and leaps wildly around the stage while the tracks are playing. Now and then he'll be joined by an MC (a rare occurrence in Dublin, which seems to have become a house speciality in Doran's) for some full-on hip hop action. Definitely a good bet if you're looking for a good laugh before the next week starts.



MONDAYS
Modern Green Bar - Lectro *Graham O'Sullivan (Electro)*
Mono - *Tony Dixon (rnb)*
Viva - Vegas *Sean Hand (laid back rnb, etc.)*

TUESDAYS
Modern Green Bar - Lektricks *with Jimmy Behan & Brian Bradley*
Mono - *Mike McCoy (mix)*
Viva - Relax *Bubbles (house, laid back stuff)*
Thomas House - *techno DJs/ varied drink promotions*

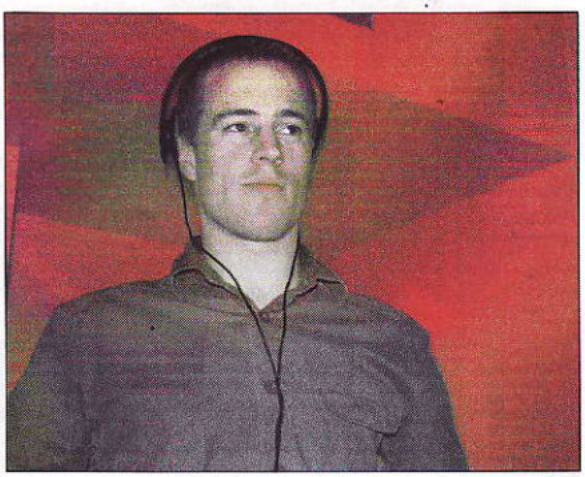
WEDNESDAYS
Bodkin's (Bolton St.) - *Gilly and Glen Doyle (Soul and Rare Groove)*
Life Bar - *Frank (Nova FM)*
Modern Green Bar - *Steven Murray & Fergus Murphy (latin/funk)*
Mono - *Mike Molloy (mix)*
Viva - Sound Factory *Eddie Lennon/ Dara (Big Brother records, laid back mix) Asahi beer: buy 1, get 1 free.*

THURSDAYS
Bodkins - *Munkey Harris (Indie Anthems)*
Handel's - *Killian (Big Brother records; mix of beats)*
Modern Green Bar - *The Redsettaz (everything from disco to techno)*
Mono - *Ilk (eclectic)*
Gubu - *Fro Motion, DJ Adam (funk, deep house)*
Viva - Retrospect *Mark Kelly (retro rock/ indie)*
Globe - *Pat McMellow*
4 Dame Lane - *Aidan Kelly/Aoife Nic Canna (rnb)*
Hogan's - *Mr. Moto*
Thomas House - *Eamon Sweeney and guests (indie)*
Life Bar - *DJ Eamon 60s/70s/80s*

FRIDAYS
Bodkin's - *Murfi (funk, disco and breaks)*
Handel's - *Eoin McCaffrey (various styles)*
Modern Green Bar - *Fionn Davenport (funk/ disco/ hip hop)*
Mono - *Conor G (classic house)*
Viva - Fishbowl *Aidan Kelly + guests (eclectic)*
Gubu - Pick n Mix *varied DJs*
Globe - *Pat McMellow*
4 Dame Lane - *Donal Scannell / Mark Kelly*
Hogan's - *Malik/ Nello Romano*
Life Bar - *Scott McNaughton (eclectic)*
Thomas House - *Live Jazz/ Funk band*

SATURDAYS
Bodkins - *DJs M and Melo D (rnb/Garage)*
Handels - *DJ Dara*
Hogan's - *Eddie Eustace, Dan O'Keefe*
Gubu - *DJ Dandelion (70s/80s)*
Modern Green Bar - *Freestyle*
4 Dame Lane - *Aidan Kelly/ Bootsy*
Mono - *Ronan O (funky house)*
Viva - *This way up*
Thomas House - *Deep house*

SUNDAYS
Capital - *Chillax Live Band 6 - 9, Pat McMellow (motown, rnb, etc.) after the band.*
The Globe - *jazz (afternoon)*
Hogan's - Sundays (4-11.30) *Color/ Eddie Eustace/ Nello Romano/ Mr. Moto + guests.*
Gubu - *Jazz Action (5-7pm)*
4 Dame Lane - Crash *Influx DJs play various styles*
Modern Green Bar - *Killian Murphy/ Dec Comiskey (jazz/hip hop)*
Mono - *Ronan O/ Derek Flannagan (deep and soulful house)*
Viva - Bump *Quilli, Tom Rixton*



Bar DJ about town: Killian from Big Brother

MARK EITZEL

SAT 2 JUNE £12.50
WHELAN'S DOORS 8PM

The last time Mark Eitzel played in Dublin was in 1997, after the release of his collaboration with REM's Peter Buck, entitled 'West'. The collection featured some of Buck's trademark jaunty pop songs, and was something of a departure (albeit a welcome one) for Eitzel. Since then, he has returned to more familiar territory with the brooding, sparse arrangements of 'Caught In a Trap and I Can't Back Out 'Cause I Love You Too Much, Baby.' This month sees the release of the former American Music Club frontman's fourth solo LP, 'The Invisible Man'. Many of the songs have been played live by Eitzel in recent times, though the recordings are said to reflect his growing interest in Aphex Twin-style electronica. His last two appearances in Whelan's were solo ones, though this time, expect the support of a full band. Hopefully this won't stop him from performing a song while standing on a bewildered punter's table, as he did last time.

ROOTING FOR RAHZEL

Hip hop trackmarks

RAHZEL, MARK B & BLADE, EXILE EYE

SUN 2 JUNE £15.50
RED BOX DOORS 11PM

ANOTHER NIGHT of top class hip hop is in store for Dubliners at the Red Box, as Rahzel, The Godfather of Noyze, touches down for what will surely be one of the most lively and original shows of the summer.
Best known for his long term partnership with Philadelphia live rap act The Roots, Rahzel M. Brown specializes in human beat-boxing i.e. using his voice to imitate other instruments. While this may sound like something out of Police Academy Four, Rahzel, who is the nephew of hip hop legend Rahim, has been perfecting his skills for years. On record, he constructs entire tracks using only his voice with fantastic results, as proven on his recent LP 'Make the Music 2000'. He has an unrivalled live reputation and anyone with even a remote interest in hip hop should not miss this gig.

Also performing are Britain's Mark B and Blade. While their studio output has been deeply unspectacular and unworthy of all the press it's been receiving, their last show here was great. If you want to see some Irish hip hop, get there early to check out our own Exile Eye.

THE FRAMES

SAT 2 JUNE £12.50
VICAR ST DOORS 7.30PM

With 'For the Birds', the Frames are getting praise that borders on the ludicrous so, its easy for those who haven't listened to them to take a few cheap shots. The album is, despite Glen Hansard's weak voice, quite good, and a million times better than their turgid debut from over ten years ago. But the big turn around in the band has been their astonishing improvement as a live act and the fact that onstage they seem to be having as good a time as the audience.

PERNICE BROTHERS

SUN 3 JUNE £12
WHELAN'S DOORS 8PM

Independent Records can boast one of the best rosters in the country, with stalwarts like Jubilee Allstars and the Frames, as well as the recent addition of Red House Painters. Moreover they are adding to their stable on a regular basis with interesting acts. Another favourite from the label is the Massachusetts six-piece, The Pernice Brothers. Since releasing their debut album, 'Overcome By Happiness', in 1998, the band have been gathering a substantial and loyal following on these shores, to the extent that it has become almost a second home for them. The release of a new album, The World Won't End, sees them back, plying their country-tinged pop trade in what should be a packed out Whelan's. It is released on the 5th of June and this gig is a good chance to check out its quality.

WRITE FOR THE LIVE MUSIC SECTION
EMAIL
GIGS@THESLATE.IE

TOOL

THU 7 JUNE SOLD OUT
SFX

Tool are in Ireland to promote their long-awaited third album, 'Lateralus'. Since their first full-length release in 1993 (Undertow) Tool have taken their particular brand of bizarre, angular rock to new levels. The amazing voice of Maynard James Keenan makes Tool more than just a band. Their relentless innovation and energy make even 20-minute tunes, like 'Third Eye' or 'Pushit', seem strangely listenable. This is a rare chance to see them live and should not be missed

VENUE CONTACT DETAILS:

The HQ: 57, Middle Abbey St., Dublin 1. Tel: 01 8783345. www.imhf.com **The Olympia:** 72, Dame St., Dublin 2. Tel: 01 6777744. **The Point:** East link Bridge, North Wall Quay, Dublin 1. Tel: 01 8363633. **The Shelter:** 58-59, Thomas St., Dublin 8. Tel: 01 4545533. www.vicarstreet.com **Temple Bar Music Centre:** Curved St., Temple Bar, Dublin 2. Tel: 01 6709202 **Vicar St:** 58-59, Thomas St., Dublin 8. Tel: 01 4545533. www.vicarstreet.com **Whelan's:** 25, Wexford St., Dublin 2. Tel: 01 4780766 **Red Box:** Harcourt St., D2. Tel: 01 4780166

RONAN O'SNODAIGH
FRI 8 JUNE £7
WHELAN'S DOORS 8PM

As a member of Irish/World folk fusion group Kila, Ronan is one of the finest young Irish musicians around. His new solo album, 'Tiptoe' showcases his combinaton of African and Irish vocal styles with energetic bodhran playing. Always the focal point of Kila's live shows, Ronan is a great performer in his own right, and easily worth the £7 entry.

THE DAMNED, PARANOID VISIONS
SAT 9 JUNE
TBMC DOORS 7.30PM

This crazy, drunken band were the first British punk outfit ever to release a record, with 'New Rose' coming out a month before the Pistols' 'Anarchy in the UK'. They started out in the punk pub scene, and since then released a rake of mostly forgettable albums, became heavily involved in the Goth scene in the 80s, and split up about 50 times. Constant line-up changes never really broadened their music spectrum, with their output being characterised by loud fast guitars and stupid lyrics. Their sporadic reunion tours still capture the spirit of old to some degree, and will be a must see for fans.

ROXY MUSIC
SAT 9 JUNE £39.50 / £45
THE POINT

This has to be the first sign of the apocalypse. The band that launched a million dodgy quiffs, shoulder pads and gold lame shirts have finally listened to the demons howling in their souls and got back together. But wait, no Brian Eno, the Ike to Brian Ferry's Tina? The question must surely be asked: How can a band that got increasingly shit after the departure of their key member get back together after twenty artistically bleak years and expect to be any good?

MARK MULCAHY
MON 11 JUNE £8.50
WHELAN'S DOORS 8PM

Former Miracle Legion frontman Mark Mulcahy makes another trip to Dublin for a night of intimate singer songwriting style music. While such fare is not in short supply in the city, Mulcahy does it well, and has received much praise for his solo efforts, notably from awkward whiney Radiohead vocalist Thom York. His solo debut, 'Fathering' was received to widespread critical acclaim and piss all sales, sticking him firmly in the cult following category. He did the New York circuit for years, performing with the likes of Vic Chestnut and Jeff Buckley, with whom he has been compared. He released a second solo album last April, entitled 'Sunset Smile'.

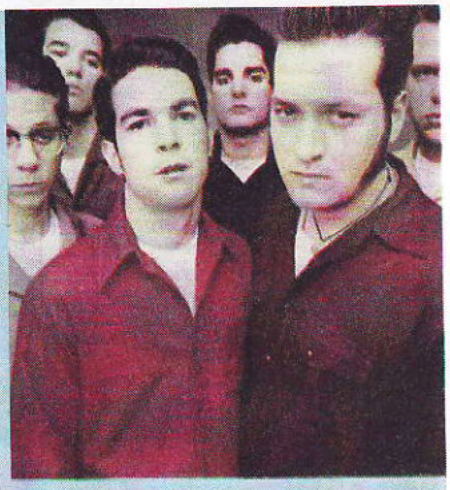
THE BETA BAND
WED 13 JUNE £14.50
RED BOX

The Beta Band don't record much, and they keep a low profile, but they had a seat in the rock star canon a few years back: they told interviewers that they weren't happy with their latest album: that they thought it was shite, actually, and that fans shouldn't buy it at all, because they only recorded it to fulfill the terms of their contract. Even as a pisstake, that's not a bad way to earn street cred and give two fingers to the recording industry. Their enchanting songs know just when to be short and snappy, and when to wander through quirky sonic explorations. Who'd have thought the Scots would make indie respectable again?

ALANIS MORISETTE!
WED 13 JUNE SOLD OUT
VICAR ST DOORS 8.30PM

One of the most irritating pip-squeaks to have emerged from the dross of mainstream American rock in recent years, angry little bitch Alanis is coming to Dublin to shout at those pretend goths who pollute the Temple Bar Music Centre. Marketed as a young feminist icon doing it for herself, her massive popularity a few years back resulted in a swarm of equally appalling imitative girly rock singers. The fact that her atrociously crap songs are written and produced by a certain Glen Ballard gives it all a somewhat ironic twist. The most surprising thing about this sorry affair is that she still has enough pull to sell out Vicar St. well in advance.

SHOOTING FROM THE HIP



ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT
SUN 10 JUNE £11.50
TBMC DOORS 7.30PM

BEST REMEMBERED for their soaring 'On a Rope' from the adrenaline fuelled 'Scream Dracula Scream' album, San Diego's Rocket from the Crypt are a traditional rock and roll band that steers clear of the retro trap, opting instead for three minute injections of sonic amphetamine.
With more then five years since their last release, RFTC have left Interscope Records, who didn't approve of the bands altruistic ways; free shows, budget price fan only albums that were as good as 'proper releases' and a general commercial malaise. Frontman Speedo's promise that any fan with a RFTC tattoo would get into any show for free probably didn't help much either. Freshly signed to Vagrant Records the band have returned from a brief hiatus with a new album and their first large scale tour in quite some time.

Laugh at their haircuts and die

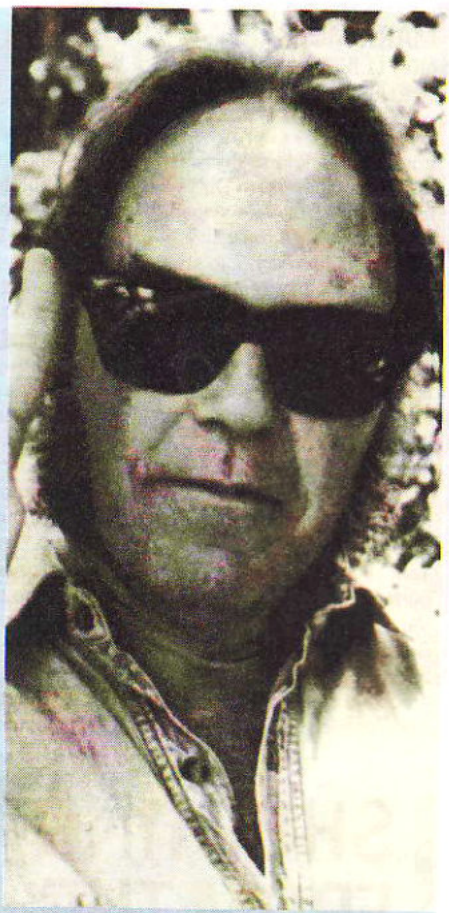
With more hooks then a gang of pirates, their latest release, 'Group Sounds' sees the band opting for a more streamlined approach with less emphasis on the Phil Spectorisms that made their breakthrough LP so unique. The departure of long serving drummer Atom has also dented the sound somewhat, as the skin pounding of replacement Rubalcaba is considerably less frenetic than his predecessor. Live, the band have more in common with the Ramones than the Mighty Mighty Bosstones, or any of the other neo-ska bands they seem to get lumped with. Considering that for the price of one Eagles tickets you can get four RFTC ones, this gig is also great value. Well worth checking out.

OLD CRAZY BASTARD

NEIL YOUNG & CRAZY HORSE

TUE 12 JUNE £30 / £35
THE RDS

THE OLD hairy one re-unites with grizzled compadres Crazy Horse for a night of hard rocking and lengthy guitar solos. The recordings Young made with the Horse in the 70s are among his finest work, from the riffy 'Everybody knows this is Nowhere', to the druggy 'Tonight's the Night', and the epic 'Zuma'. More recently the countrified 'Comes a Time' and rocking 'Ragged Glory' have continued the partnership. In their own right Crazy Horse produced a fine solo debut, best known for the heartbreaker 'I Don't Wanna Talk About It'. However, the drugs took their toll, and the death of chief songwriter Danny Whitten left the rest of the group to focus on supporting Young.
Like the pairing of Dylan and The Band, the chemistry between Young and Crazy Horse has allowed the songwriter to shine while the accompaniment goes well beyond the standard rumblings of a backing band. Young's unique guitar style is also complemented by Crazy Horse's willingness to hold back while Neil attacks the strings.
Their recent shows have tended to focus more on the heavier material, as documented in the recent live album, so expect 20 minute versions of "Cortez the Killer" and "Like A Hurricane". While Neil hasn't made a great album since "Sleeps with Angels", he has so many classics up his sleeve that this is bound to be one of the shows of the summer.



Young - old but still hot

GLENN TILBROOK

TUE 19 JUNE £11.50
WHELANS DOORS 8PM

As the musical driving force behind new wave stars Squeeze, this Londoner has a track record that few can match, and this should be an excellent oppurtunity to catch him in an inimate setting.

WILLARD GRANT CONSPIRACY

FRI 22 JUNE £8.50
WHELAN'S DOORS 8PM

A band with a sense of humour, as displayed by their last album, The Green Green Grass of Slovenia, Willard Grant Conspiracy have been busy of late, releasing a new record called Everything's Fine, and appearing on an American Music Club tribute album, covering their song 'Will You Find Me?'. Another band whose country-influenced songs sometimes descend into booze-fuelled self-pity ('Drunkard's Song', 'Closing Time'), they are nonetheless well worth a look.

GORILLAZ

SUN 24 JUNE £22 / £24
OLYMPIA DOORS 8PM

When Paul McCartney realised he was shit without the Beatles he hid himself behind the ludicrous 'Thrillington' moniker and made yet another pants album. Nearly thirty years later Blur frontman Damon Albarn has done the same thing, except that he had the good sense to enlist the help of veteran multiple identity man the Automator and so created what is easily the best Blur offshoot album to date (sorry Graham but your solo album is shite). Live, they're not up to much, as the 'band' hide behind projected images of their cartoon selves (courtesy of Tank Girl creator Jamie Hewlett), appearing only in silhouette form towards the end of the show. It's fairly irritating posturing to no effect at all. Not exactly a must see, but an interesting novelty none the less.

DAVE KITT

FRI 15 - SUN 17 JUNE £10.50
WHELAN'S DOORS 8PM

With a string of live shows and an enthusiastically accepted debut album, Dublin's David Kitt has certainly found his stride, single handedly renewing our faith in Rough Trade records along the way. Kitt's mix of strong songwriting and sparse but inventive arrangements (he could show David Gray a thing or two about introducing electronica to the mix) have set him apart from the current crop of hopefuls. Live, Kitt's charm drags the songs away, above the bedsit blues, and into something far more affecting.

Kitt laughs as beardo dies

SEMISONIC

SUN 17 JUNE £22 / £24
OLYMPIA DOORS 7.30PM

Formed from the ashes of art popsters Trip Shakespeare in 1995, the world has been unlucky enough to see Semisonic rise to global fame. The fact that they are currently on permanent rotation on FM104, tells you all you need to know about them - safe, middle of the road rock melodies, lyrics pock-marked with cliches and plenty of record label money behind them. This will be a cheery yet dull show which will see idiots and thirty somethings milling around the Olympia like lobotomised cattle.

LIMP BIZKIT, EVERLAST, GODSMACK

FRI 8 JUNE £7
WHELAN'S DOORS 8PM

People have said Limp Bizkit have sold-out becoming 'pop' stars of late. These are the begrudgers. Limp Bizkit have always been about bad rapping over mediocre rock riffs and contrived DJ-ing. It was the M:I2 song, 'Take a Look Around', which launched them into international stardom, causing the old fans to write them off as sell-outs, even making their mentors, Korn, want to kick their asses. Selling records has always been taboo in rock. Don't forget the support acts. Everlast should put out plenty of his laid back bluesy rapping while Godsmack just smash the set. Fun for all the family.

ROBERT CRAY

THU 28 JUNE £25.50 / £28.50
VICAR ST DOORS 8.30PM

While blues purists will always feel uncomfortable when the name Robert Cray is mentioned, few can deny his excellent musicianship and fine singing voice. Initially, his career looked like it was going nowhere after the release of his debut in 1980, but six years later he found himself with a grammy in his lap. Blessed with brilliant guitar skills as well as a great way with a melody, Cray has persistently taken blues and soul in directions that his narrow minded detractors would never have seen. Vicar St. will be an excellent seeting for him.

WRITERS NEEDED

EMAIL GIGS@THESLATE.IE IF YOU'RE INTERESTED

THE EAGLES

SAT 30 JUNE £37.50 / £45
THE RDS

Smooth West-Coast country rock for middle aged nostalgists who mistook The Eagles for a great band and bought their tedious records in droves in the mid 70s. Now they're back to take even more money off men with mullets, and who are we to stop them? 'Hotel California' is almost as annoying a busker anthem as the unspeakable Don McClean's 'American Pie', while 'Take it easy' is a weak Neil Young pastiche. All their other songs are shite. And given the sensationally expensive ticket prices, it must be assumed that anyone willing to part with such large amounts of cash to see such miserable music is a stupid cunt.

NAPALM DEATH

SAT 30 JUNE £12
RED BOX DOORS

Napalm Death have been one of the most prolifical and extreme musical groups ever to come out of England. Formed in Ipswich in the early 80s, they soon updated their metal sound by abandoning all semblances of melody to become the kings of 'grindcore', a brutal, atonal kind of music. They hold the record for the shortest single ever - both sides being one second long - and specialise in glum song titles - 'Scum' and 'From Enslavement to Obliteration' being fine examples. But to group them with the hoards of mindless metal shite is a mistake - solid support from the likes of John Peel indicates that they are in a different category. Another interesting fact about them is that their line-up now is completely different to when they first started. Despite this, their commitment to making the most dissonant music has rarely waned, and this attitude will doubtless be reflected in their live performance.

Some lad out of Napalm Death

JAZZY TERRASON

Jacky: he looks like Doogie Howser

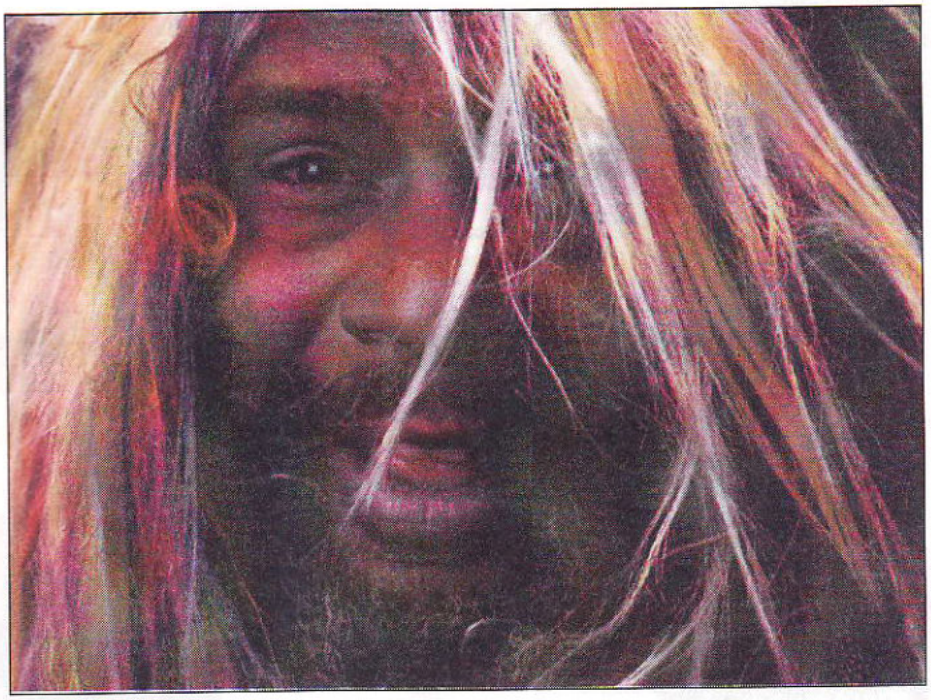
JACKY TERRASON

SAT 30 JUNE £17.50
VICAR STREET DOORS 8PM

AFTER AN unfortunate cancellation at last year's Cork Jazz Festival, Blue Note pianist Jacky Terrasson is finally getting a chance to woo Irish audiences with his international approach to the jazz idiom. A Paris native, he came under the wing of the connoisseurs who had befriended American jazz expatriates in the 1950s and 60s, and at the age of 20 he followed their footsteps back to Boston, Chicago and eventually New York. The American melting pot didn't diminish his Gallic voice, however, and traditional French songs occasionally appear in his repertoire as much as old jazz standards.

As young Terrasson proved his mettle in the early 90's by winning competitions and collaborating with demanding musicians, the jazz community pinned high hopes on him: in 1994, the New York Times Magazine named him as one of 30 artists under the age of 30 who were most likely to change American culture over the next 30 years. Since then, he has made good by recording a string of albums for Blue Note and experimenting with new approaches in his work with Cassandra Wilson and Ry Cooder, not to mention playing a demanding touring schedule. Best to catch him now though, in case he's not still playing Dublin in 2024.

MORE GIGS . . .



George Clinton: He didn't go near drugs

With the use of a crystal ball and the odd website, we preview some gigs that are happening over the coming months

THE BIG news for July is that the grand master of funk, **George Clinton**, will be making a special appearance with the P-Funk All Stars in the Red Box on Harcourt St on 17 July. Get your tickets for this legend early. Another 60s funk/soul icon gracing these shores in early July - 6 to be exact - is the great **Gil Scott Heron**. If he turns up at Vicar St it should be a fabulous gig.

Elsewhere, that cunt **Robbie Williams** will be inflicting his manufactured rock on thousands of people for two nights (6 and 7 July) in Landsdowne Road. We urge all readers to go into hiding for the weekend until he is gone and then nip down to the HQ that Sunday to catch the 80s influenced **Magnetic Fields**.

While some may say that **Van Morrison** has been playing exactly the same song over the past twenty years and giving it a different title everytime he releases it, his performance in Smithfield on Sunday 22 July will prove very popular with the old people. On the same night in Vicar St will be the excellent **Ron Sexsmith**, one of the finest voices to appear on the rock scene over the last decade.

Other gigs to keep an eye out for include the queen of leftfield rnb, **Kelis**, who will be guesting at the Soul Clinic night in HQ on 24 August. Also worth saving money for will be the massive **Witness Festival**, scheduled for the August bank holiday

Shitenight / John Lambert

YANKEE DEATHFEST

If so many Yankees died at Pearl Harbour, why oh why not this one?

PEARL HARBOR
RELEASED 1 JUNE
CINEMAS NATIONWIDE

YOU'VE PROBABLY already heard about the ten zillion dollars spent on Pearl Harbour. Each set piece of this sprawling 182 minute film, directed by Michael Bay, bawls out expense. Unfortunately, however, for the first 90 minutes we are treated to the breathtakingly uninteresting story of Rafe (Ben Affleck) and Danny (Josh Hartnett), two all-American boys, who, since they were but little Yanks, dreamed of flying. Predictably they become the best damned pilots in the Air Force and Rafe, who's the confident and headstrong one, strikes it up with a beautiful nurse. However he's a freedom loving kind of guy and, though the timorous Yankees remain neutral, he volunteers for the RAF. Having shot down many a Gerry, he is, it seems, killed in battle. After an honourable period of grieving, Danny and Nursey, who are now stationed at Pearl Harbour, find consolation in fucking each other blind. However, surprise surprise, Rafe returns out of the blue and is not a happy chicken. At this stage your cringe muscles will be wholly exhausted and you'll be mightily relieved when the Japs finally start blowing shit up. For some joyous few moments the Japanese air force unleashes hell on the somnolent Yanks. Torpedoes annihilate them, strafe fire cuts them to shreds and vast ships sink with much screeching within. The effects are excellent and this will heighten your pleasure at the death and mayhem. Unfortunately the final hour, in which the boys take part in a daredevil bombing mission on Tokyo, is wholly ridiculous.

Pearl Harbor's few minutes of brilliant action do not compensate for the wretched sludginess of the central love triangle. Ben Affleck rides through it all like a block of wood, his acting as subtle as Japanese ritual suicide, with none of the swagger of real action heroes. Enter the cinema exactly 90 minutes after the screening time. Then as soon as the last Yank ship has been sent to a watery grave, leave at once and don't look back.

SERIES 7: THE CONTENDERS
RELEASED 1 JUNE
SELECTED CINEMAS

Sooner or later someone was bound to make a movie based around the idea of 'reality TV', the phenomenon that has become synonymous with 'Big Brother' and 'Survivor'. However this movie, which was first shown at the Sundance festival, is obviously not the product of studio megabucks, hoping to cash in on a dumb idea. Rather the director, Daniel Minahan, provides a hard edge with a fresh idea. The Contenders is the highest rated TV show in America. Each contestant is selected by government lottery, given a gun and then must either kill or be killed. The cameras follow the six contestants as they hunt and eliminate each other. Brooke Smith stars as the heavily pregnant champion of former shows. She faces off against five others; a whiney teenager, a white trash bum, a father of three, a nurse and a victim of testicular cancer. There's a strong vein of dark humour that can have you laughing as the contestants slaughter each other in cold blood. The camera angles, and grainy hand-held shots parody the style of the famous TV shows, successfully conveying the manipulative tawdriness of it all. It's a bleak portrait of our fascinations that is in its own way as compelling as the genre it imitates and at 87 minutes, it's not much longer than a typical Reality TV program. You'll never be satisfied with the non-kill version again.

VERY ANNIE MARY
RELEASED 8 JUNE
SELECTED CINEMAS

All of the cliches regarding the Welsh are trotted out in this irritating 'comedy'. They are eccentric comic types, and though a bit parochial, they fucking love singing. Annie Mary (Rachel Griffiths), a dreamy, sometimes rebellious 20 something, has two left feet, and lives with her demanding baker father in the village of Ogw. When he has a stroke she takes

CINEMA CONTACT DETAILS:

Classic: 492 3699
IFC: 679 3477
IMC (DL): 280 7777
Ormonde: 278 0000
Santry: 842 8844
Savoy: 874 6000
Screen: 672 5500
Star Cen: 605 5700
UCI (Blan): 1850 525354
UCI (Clon): 848 5122
UCI (Tall): 459 8400
UGC (Parn): 872 8444

predictably disastrous consequences. Her best friend is also, as it happens, expiring from cancer and so, Annie Mary participates in a talent competition, along with other girls from the village, to try to win money to send her off to Disneyland. Here again she goofs up in a variety of highly unamusing ways. However, it soon becomes clear that this dimwit possesses a wondrous operatic voice and before long it emerges in full flower. There are a number of highly annoying stock characters familiar from British TV including the ubiquitous gay friends and a very unfunny forgetful vicar. The film is a collection of supposedly comic set pieces, with a nice bit of poignancy thrown in for weight. Unfortunately neither could be said to work in any way and the result is a fairly painful experience.

ONE NIGHT AT McCOOLS
NOW SHOWING
CINEMAS NATIONWIDE

Three men have encountered Jewel (Liv Tyler) and come away with vastly different opinions. This tale of the tacky temptress is told from each of their perspectives. Matt Dillon's smug Randy tells his woes to a seedy hitman (Michael Douglas). He has been seduced and discarded after many decorating disasters. Meanwhile Randy's cousin Carl is telling his therapist of the sensuous slut that has torn his life to shreds. Finally we meet a pathetic cop played by John Goodman who bares his soul to a priest about the same now saintly woman who he has invested with all the qualities of his dead wife. Ultimately all three converge in a deadly showdown where their views of the central character are reconciled. Both Douglas and Goodman are excellent, the one unrecognisable in his unattractiveness and the other blissfully determined to see good in Jewel. However the film falls down in Tyler's performance. She is simply not convincing as the focus of so much single-minded infatuation.

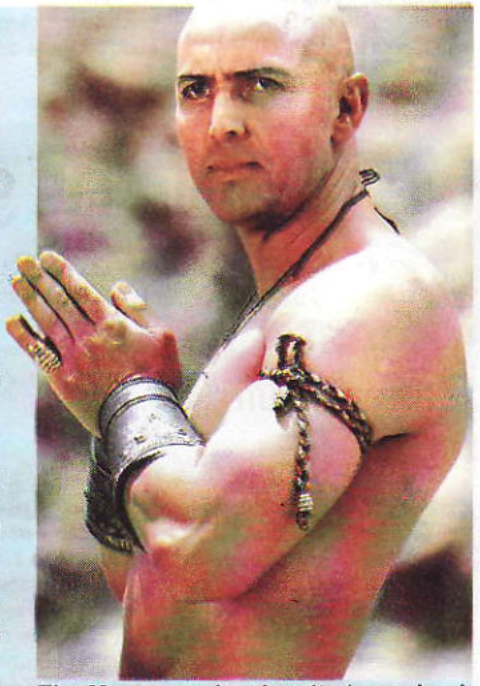
ALL THE PRETTY HORSES
NOW SHOWING
CINEMAS NATIONWIDE

It's the 1940s in Texas and the old Wild West lifestyle is rapidly dying away. Two ranch hands, John (Matt Damon) and Lacey (Henry Thomas) head off to Mexico in search of the freedom and vigour they see fading away. They find jobs on a ranch and seem to have found what they are looking for. Unfortunately, John falls for the daughter of the rancher (Penelope Cruz) and thereby makes life real difficult for himself. Meanwhile trouble comes looking for the boys in the form of a young drifter played by Lucas Black. While this adaptation of the Cormac McCarthy novel is beautifully, if a little over-glossily, shot, far too much of the novel's complicated plot is squeezed into two hours. Developments and characters seem to rush by in fast forward. The gravest error of all lies in two of the film's central stars. Damon is no cowboy. Certainly he makes a convincing Ivy League wannabe. However, his seems a Harvard acting school version of the cowboy, with no sense of grit or toughness. Cruz, for her part, seems to be wheeled out to play vacuous 'look at how beautiful I am' parts. She looks a bit moody, sensuous and vaguely exotic and then pisses off. Her love affair with Damon is both sudden and implausible, undermined by one's dislike of both actors. Director Billy Bob Thornton should fire each one of his casting agents.

MUMMY MADNESS

THE MUMMY RETURNS
NOW SHOWING
CINEMAS NATIONWIDE

THE MUMMY was clearly a wonderful film; a magnificent hotchpotch of racial and colonial stereotypes combined with cartoon-like acting and all the special effects that the Hollywood studios could buy. The sequel, The Mummy Returns, picks up where the first film left off and again combines the same ingredients to gloriously entertaining effect. The plot is truly ridiculous; it's ten years after the events of the first film. Rick O'Connell (Brendan Fraser) and Evelyn (Rachel Weisz) are happily married and have a wee brat called Alex. We had thought the Mummy had been reinterred for many a thousand years but no (shock, horror), Imhotep, the mummified Egyptian priest is reawakened in the British Museum. What's more there is more than one old Egyptian baddy waiting to wreak havoc on the world. Following the discovery of a special bracelet, the Scorpion King, (played by 'The Rock') rises from millennia of sleep to lead his warriors. Poor old O'Connell and his mott again have to save the world. It's all pretty fast and furious and at times risks losing any semblance of a plot. The Rock employs all the subtle acting skills learnt at the WWF while Arnold Vosloo again steals the show as the malevolent Imhotep. All in all, it's about as entertaining as blockbusters come.



The Mummy unleashes its 'gay-glare'

SEE SPOT RUN
NOW SHOWING
CINEMAS NATIONWIDE

Something terrible happened to American madcap comedies after Jim Carrey's horrible 'Ace Ventura'. Suddenly, with the pioneering advances of Adam Sandler and the Farrelly Brothers, shits, farts, spunk and balls were all the rage. In See Spot Run dog shit forms the focus of a large part of the comedy. David Arquette stars in this movie that is so bad that it might have been devised by the Chilean death squads. He plays a lazy postman who must look after a dog and a child to win the hand of a beautiful woman. Little does he know that the dog is a FBI hound on the run from a ruthless killer. It is depressing to consider that we live in a world where a film like this could be made. Unless your children were tragically born without brains don't even think about it.

GET OVER IT
RELEASED 1 JUNE
CINEMAS NATIONWIDE

A tale of young love and its woes, 'Get over it' is a delicately quirky and cynical look at the world of teenage romance. It stars Ben Foster as the unfortunate Berke Landers. Berke has more than just his name to worry about as he has just been dumped by his childhood sweetheart. Ignoring the advice of his best friend Felix he endeavours to win her back. But inevitably the more he tries the worse things get. It's a tried and tested formula that will make you laugh even if you don't know why. While saying that, some of the gags are facile and predictable. Among the performances, by far the best is Martin Short who plays Dr Forrest-Oates, an over the top drama teacher whose incredulous and egotistical behaviour makes things a good bit more bearable.

ALONG CAME A SPIDER
NOW SHOWING
CINEMAS NATIONWIDE

A congressman's daughter is kidnapped and Detective Alex Cross (Morgan Freeman) must come out of retirement to track down the wacko. As ever he's a bookish, shrewd type who does a fine line in soundbite wisdom. In a twist to end all twists he teams up with a female cop, who has been suspended for bad behaviour, to catch the elusive prey. It's all been done before and there's little originality in plot or direction. Indeed for a short while there is promise as a degree of tension builds quite subtly over the middle section but unfortunately the conclusion is a complete letdown. It's depressing to see that Lee Tamahori, who once directed the excellent 'Once Were Warriors' is now producing the formulaic thrillers that are a pound a penny in Yankland.

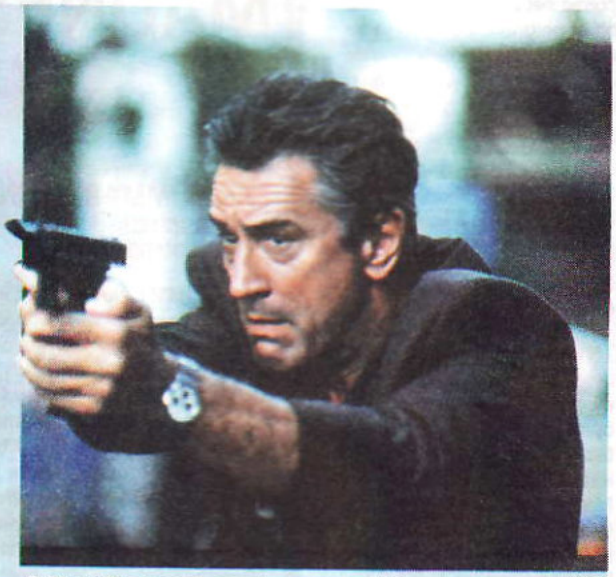
BRIDGET JONES
NOW SHOWING
CINEMAS NATIONWIDE

It's still going strong after several weeks but that doesn't mean it's not pretty irritating. It has to be said that Zellwegger is excellent in the title role and Hugh Grant, who plays her caddish beau, occasionally pulls off a bit of foppish humour. However, Colin Firth, as the other strangely handsome suitor of 'ordinary' Ms Jones, comes across as wooden and charmless. The comic development of the story leaves much to be desired and the romantic denouement is utterly unaffecting. The string of hit films scripted by Richard Curtis all have a similar sense of artificiality. Relationships are unconvincing, gags seem planned and characters designed for effect. Bridget Jones is no different.

120 MINS OF SHIT

FIFTEEN MINUTES
NOW SHOWING CINEMAS
NATIONWIDE

NASTY EASTERN Europeans are killing people in New York and learn that they can get clean away with it so long as they film their murders and then claim to be insane. Ed Burns plays a down-to-earth arson (emphasis on the arse) investigator who must team up with Robert De Niro's media-savvy cop to catch the killers. Thoroughly inept storytelling combines with bizarre right-wing opinion to produce an odious result. We hold our collective breath and wait for the moment when Mr Arson-investigator gets to save the girl and child from the raging fire; a strange love story between the gormless Burns and an illegal alien witness seems on the point of consummation but dwindles off: the psycho immigrant exclaims in disgust "Work? I did not come to America to work!"; a gleeful lawyer rubs his hands as he takes a case of cash from the killers assuring them that he will get them off on grounds of insanity.
Fifteen Minutes is a crass, idiotic attempt to draw attention to the conjunction of crime and media, ever



A New York cop spots a non-white

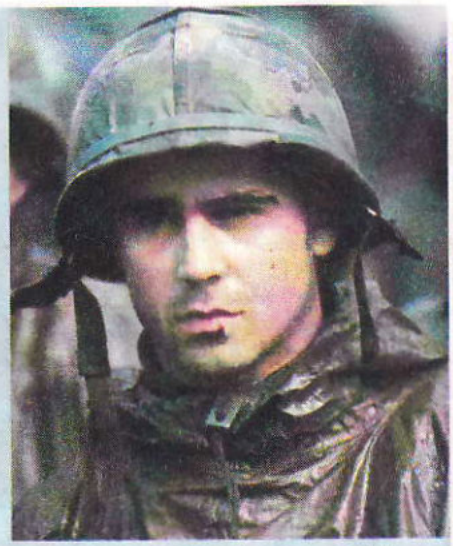
hungry for sensationalist stories. Have we forgotten right and wrong in the midst of our fascination with violence? Have we lost sight of the victims (pained voice)? The film's ultimate conclusion seems to be that there are some people who just need an old-fashioned bullet between the eyes. This Nazi message is drawn with a spa-big crayon; enough of this namby-pamby court system, enough of these fast-talking lawyers, let's get back to lynch mobs and witch-burning.

CAPTAIN CORRELLI'S MANDOLIN

NOW SHOWING
CINEMAS NATIONWIDE

Many will know the plot of this film courtesy of Louis de Berniere's much loved novel of the same name. The movie follows a reasonably faithful version of the story with some of the complexity excised for yank audiences. However, for those who don't know, it's 1941 and life is good on the wee Greek island of Cephalonia. A goat hasn't farted here in centuries. However, despite lots of nice olives and cliffs, Pelagia, played by Cruz, is dissatisfied and yearns for life beyond the confines of the island. She is betrothed to Iannis, an illiterate fisherman, but when the Italians come marching in singing opera and strutting their stuff, she goes for the handsome officer Correlli stationed in her gaff. Then when the Gerries arrive all hell breaks loose. The love affair between Cruz and Cage is simply not plausible and seems to rest on little more than a glance or two. Cage simply does not manage to pull off the charm of the novel's protagonist and the Italians are little more than caricatures. The Greek setting is beautifully rendered but the island of Cephalonia can't carry a two-hour film

BOZ IS BEST



Farrell: not bad looking for a Paddy

TIGERLAND

NOW SHOWING
SCREEN CINEMA

ANOTHER film about the Vietnam War that stops some way short of being as good as it should be. New conscripts are going through intensive training at Fort Polk in Louisiana, immediately prior to being sent off to the frontline and likely death in Vietnam. Private Boz (Colin Farrell) pisses off the top brass, repeatedly rebelling against the structures designed to break him. His insubordination is infectious and before long questioning of the war and the military ethos is rife. Unfortunately Boz is in his own way a hero and thereby undermines the film's supposedly anti-heroic message. However, you have to admit that Farrell plays it just right, full of swagger and charm, dominating the screen with ease. In the end, though, we get the easy way out as Boz lives up to every challenge, like the elder brother we all want.

THE DISH

NOW SHOWING
SELECTED CINEMAS

It's 1969 and the world waits with baited breath for the Apollo moon landing. A small town in rural Australia has been chosen for the huge satellite receiver which will beam the images around the world. The tiny crew that operate the machinery have to utilise all their technical know-how and resourcefulness to ensure that the planet is not disappointed. It's a tale of the little guy and the small achievements that become part of major historical events, drawn with a very sympathetic pen. The main characters are will wholly likeable and make this very pleasant viewing. Unfortunately the outcome of the whole endeavour is already known and the film goes to such great lengths to make just about everyone likeable that the overall effect is a little sludgy.

ALL THE OTHER FILMS ON RELEASE

THE MEXICAN

NOW SHOWING

Brad Pitt fumbles around south of the border looking for a legendary pistol while his girlfriend, Julia Roberts, bonds with an assassin. It's pretty feeble stuff with the two stars separated for most of the film and little romantic action. The Mexicans are cardboard cutout stereotypes. However, if you are a fan you will go anyway.

BEST IN SHOW

NOW SHOWING

Mildly diverting comedy which follows a dog show and parodies the eccentricities of the owners. Some scenes, particularly in the build up to the show, are very funny. However, the director, the same man who brought us Spinal Tap, allows the conclusion to dribble off without any interest and some lame jokes.

SPY KIDS

NOW SHOWING

Surprisingly entertaining flick for kids. Following the disappearance of their spy parents, the kids have to sort some shit out. And do they ever!

TAILOR OF PANAMA

NOW SHOWING

Fairly diverting Pierce Brosnan spy-flick. Lots of Cold War intrigue and exotic locations.

BLOW DRY

NOW SHOWING

Drastically unfunny comedy about hairdressers in a small Yorkshire town.

MISS CONGENIALITY

NOW SHOWING

Simply one of the most horrible films ever made. Sandra Bullock stars as a tough cop who must enter a beauty pageant to catch a crook.

AGONY AT THE ABBEY

The main theme of this production is the tragedy of lousy haircuts

BLACKWATER ANGEL

ABBEY THEATRE, TO 9 JUNE, £5/17, 8PM

VALENTINE GREATRAKES, a Cromwellian soldier and celebrated healer, returns to his plantation in Waterford after many months in Britain. During his absence the sick have congregated outside his estate, paining his conscientious wife and frightening his children. However, he refuses to set about attempting to heal them. Rather he remains within his estate until a troupe of travelling English actors catch his imagination. In particular he is fascinated by one Angel Landy, a foundling who the actors employ for her beautiful voice. In her voice Greatrakes seems to see the innocence that he has lost. If he can regain it perhaps he can heal again. When Landy falls ill he has to confront the source of his gift. Whilst this is all very well, and could even be interesting, the clumsiness of Jim Nolan's writing and the weakness of the performances undermine the entire enterprise. We are presented with no plausible reason as to why Greatrakes has suddenly lost faith in his gift and characters, such as the Mother who has given birth in Greatrakes stable, seem to be injected into the action whenever necessary without regard for plausibility. John Lynch who plays Valentine brings very little subtlety to the role, too often shouting his lines and expressing his emotions with over the top emphasis. The rest of the cast are also below par, the actors implausibly actorly and the Catholic servants cardboard cutouts of various stereotypes. Ultimately Ben Barnes, the director of both the Abbey and this play must take responsibility for a very poor production.

THE ENTERTAINER

NEW THEATRE
AUTHOR: JOHN OSBORNE
DIRECTOR: RONAN WILMOT
TO 16 JUNE, 8PM **£5/10**

When he hears of his son's death, Archie Rice, a music hall performer in a third-rate end of pier show in a seedy seaside resort, must face up to his own limitations and the legacy his delusions of grandeur have wrought across three generations of his family. Despite the recriminations, he remains single-minded in his conviction that 'the show must go on'. In this brilliant John Osborne play, written at the height of his iconoclastic powers in 1957, the central character's position serves as a metaphor for Britain in the midst of the Suez crisis, desperately clutching at former glories. The New Theatre has never let its limited space restrict its ambitions. In this instance, the ambition pays off with a tight, convincing production. Ronan Wilmot plays Archie Rice with the correct balance of pathos and swagger and supporting cast does well.

WIRED TO THE MOON

ANDREW'S LANE THEATRE
AUTHOR: MAEVE BINCHY
DIRECTOR: JIM CULLETON
TO END JUNE, 8PM **£11/15**

This musical adaptation of some of the shorter work of Maeve Binchy, returns to the Abbey after a successful nationwide tour. The mostly female cast does a good job of hopping from one comic scenario to the next, however, they can't disguise the play's utter emptiness. Julie won't learn that her married lover won't leave his wife, Eileen has ordered contract cleaners, and wants the curtains hung, the garden cleared, and her legs waxed all before Friday's dinner guests arrive. It's plenty of that kind of thing and little else. You probably should be scathing about it but there's little point; with Maeve you know what you're going to get in advance; nice soft-edged comedy about relationships in which gentle, crayon-drawn lessons are learnt. Besides the audience love it, tapping along to the tunes and practically laughing themselves into comas.

CONTACT DETAILS:

Abbey and Peacock *878 7222*
Andrew's Lane *679 5720*
Bewley's Theatre *086 878 4001*
The Crypt Theatre *671 3387*
The Gate *874 4045*
The Gaiety *677 1717*
The New Theatre *670 3361*
The Olympia *677 7744*
The Pavilion *231 2929*
The Project *1850 260027*
Ticketmaster *1890 925 100*
The Tivoli *454 6367*

THE MATCHMAKER

GATE THEATRE
AUTHOR: JOHN B. KEANE
TO 9 JUNE, 8PM £10/19

This mediocre play which played at HQ in February is finally back in Dublin after a nationwide tour.
Unfortunately one of Keane's weaker plays was chosen to mark the 25th anniversary of the playwright's collaboration with Gemini productions. The matchmaker, Dicky Mick Dicky O'Connor peddles his services for the lonely all over the nation. The play is structured around a series of letters between O'Connor, his Americanised sister and an array of satisfied and dissatisfied customers. Anna Manahan and Des Keogh put in fine performances as the two principals but the overall impression is that the occasional wit is drowned by the overplayed bawdiness and jaded characterisation of both the play and the production.

THE HOMECOMING

GATE THEATRE
AUTHOR: HAROLD PINTER
DIRECTOR: ROBIN LEFEVRE
7 JUNE-5 JULY, 8PM £12/17

Few writers can match Harold Pinter for fierce unbridled nastiness. This 1965 play gives London family life his trademark treatment, slashing the illusion of family togetherness to brilliant effect. When Teddy brings his new wife home to meet his family, little does she know that she is entering a vipers' nest. Father and sons have a whole variety of secret animosities that she does not know the first thing about and they will not hesitate to embroil her in their nastiness. The characters, as in so many of Pinter's plays, relish torturing one another, exposing weaknesses and uncovering shameful histories. There is a bizarre and unsettling sexual nastiness, where sex is used as a means to humiliate other individuals. The director, Lefevre is top quality and the Gate has a long tradition of successful Pinter productions. The cast looks strong and Ian Holm who appeared as Lenny in the original production and televised version of this play, now appears as the bitter patriarch Max. He alone is a good enough reason to check out this production and it will be fascinating to see how he handles the role of his former adversary. This should be the theatre event of the month.

THE WORLD'S WIFE

BEWLEY'S THEATRE
AUTHOR: CAROL ANN DUFFY
DIRECTOR: DAVID HORAN
6 JUNE-12 JULY, 8PM
£8 (INC. LIGHT LUNCH)

It's nearly always a good idea to drop into Bewley's for a very reasonably priced spot of lunch and a play. This one looks like no exception. Inis Theatre company dramatises the poetry collection of Carol Ann Duffy. Two actors play twelve wives of famous characters including Queen Kong, Mrs Freud and Mrs Devil. making numerous transformations. The women are brought to life in a fifty-minute show that reveals many humorous aspects to the famous men.

LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING

PROJECT THEATRE
AUTHOR: JOE PENHALL
18-30 JUNE, 8PM £10/5

A tale of two doctors in love from Purple Heart and Iomha Ildanach theatre companies. When a boyhood pal shows up, the doctors' relationship is tested and love and friendship are pushed to their very limit.

ALONE IT STANDS

GAIETY THEATRE
AUTHOR AND DIRECTOR: JIM BREEN
26 JUNE-21 JULY, 8PM
£10/19

Yet another appearance of Jim Breen's play is not a bad thing in itself but let's not imagine that the play is as good as all that. It follows the now near-mythical saga of the Munster victory over the All Blacks in 1978. We are lead through the build up to the game, the atmosphere at Thomond Park and then the game itself and its aftermath. The six actors play a variety of different roles from the All Blacks, to female Munster fans, to the coaches and the Munster team itself.
Throughout a deft touch is maintained in the writing with particular humour in the many role changes. However, there is little that is interesting here beyond some fairly light observations on the significance of the game for Munster. All in all it's light enjoyable stuff that makes little demands of the viewer

REMINDER OF QUALITY

MEMORY OF WATER

PEACOCK, 29 MAY-30 JUNE, £8/12, 8PM

IT'S GOOD to see a simple, top quality production on the smaller stage at the National Theatre, especially when there's such a farce in course at the Abbey. On the eve of their mother's funeral, three sisters gather at their family home and discuss their lives. Throughout the conversation they share memories from childhood, consider their relationships with their parents and recall moments of particular significance for themselves personally. Subtly directed by John Lambert, the play brings out the delicacy of family relations, without turning into a hug-fest. Indeed there's no denying that it's all fairly sentimental stuff but it never strays into self-indulgence or sickliness.

Actors dress like this at the beach

THE HA'PENNY INN

WELLINGTON QY. 677 0616
ALL SHOWS 9PM £3.50

TUES: BATTLE OF THE AXE

The best night at this small comedy club. Punters from all walks compete in a mildly confrontational atmosphere. Some good acts and some awful ranging from singer-songwriters to comics to mime artists.

WEDS: THE COMEDY ROOM

New comedy night that hasn't yet shown much life. The well-established acts easily outshine the newer comics.

THURS: HA'PENNY LAUGH IMPROV COMEDY

Uneven improvisation night that can be underattended and is as much miss as hit.

THE INTERNATIONAL

WICKLOW ST. 677 9250
ALL SHOWS 9PM £5

MONS: COMEDY IMPROV

Excellent night of improvised comedy featuring top-notch comics such as Ian Coppinger, Brendan Dempsey and Joe Rooney. Unfortunately, as with all improv, some routines don't work.

TYPECAST PADDY HA HA

Ardal: Just a dumb-ass Paddy?

ARDAL O'HANLON

5-9 JUNE VICAR STREET, 8.30PM, £15

O'HANLON IS probably the most widely recognised Irish comedian of his generation. Following his success in Father Ted, he went on firmly to establish himself as a star of middle of the road Brit sitcoms. However, the sellout bigshot started out as a mere stand-up at the International's Comedy Cellar and still makes regular returns to the city to lord it over the locals. His show is well practiced though it hasn't changed much over the years and you'll probably recognise some of the jokes. He still depends for much of his humour on the blindingly dim character he developed so well as Dougal. Of course he does it very well, though too often he lapses back to feigned stupidity as a dependable source of laughs. Indeed, it's a shame that a comedian who is obviously so intelligent seems to have slipped into a typecast persona. There are far more inventive and unpredictable comedians out there.

WEDS: COMEDY CELLAR

Simply one of the best comedy nights in the city. The launching pad for a whole generation of now-celebrated Irish comics. Amazing quality for such a small venue.

THURS: INT. COMEDY CLUB

Very well established comedy night that is well worth the money. Many big names drop in to try out new material. Of late it has been fairly uneven though chances are still in your favour.

LAUGHTER LOUNGE

EDEN QY. 1800 266 339
ALL SHOWS 9PM

June 1-2 (£12): Barry Peters and Son, Michael Downey, PJ Gallagher, Paddy Courtney - Best line up of the month at this venue.

June 7-9 (£15): The Stars of Channel 4's 'Whose line is it anyway?' - Pompous improvisation comedy.

June 14-16 (£12): Nick Wilty, Tony Law, Matt Ricardo, Martin Davis - Very good headline act.

June 21-23 (£12): Ian Coppinger, Justin Moorhouse, Jane McKay, Gerry Mallon - Fairly average line-up though Coppinger rarely disappoints.

June 28-30 (£15): Stand Up Bull - Stand up from stars of the TV program 'Bull Island' - Spin off from the annoying TV show.

FUNNY BUNNY BYRNEY

Byrne poses while pissing

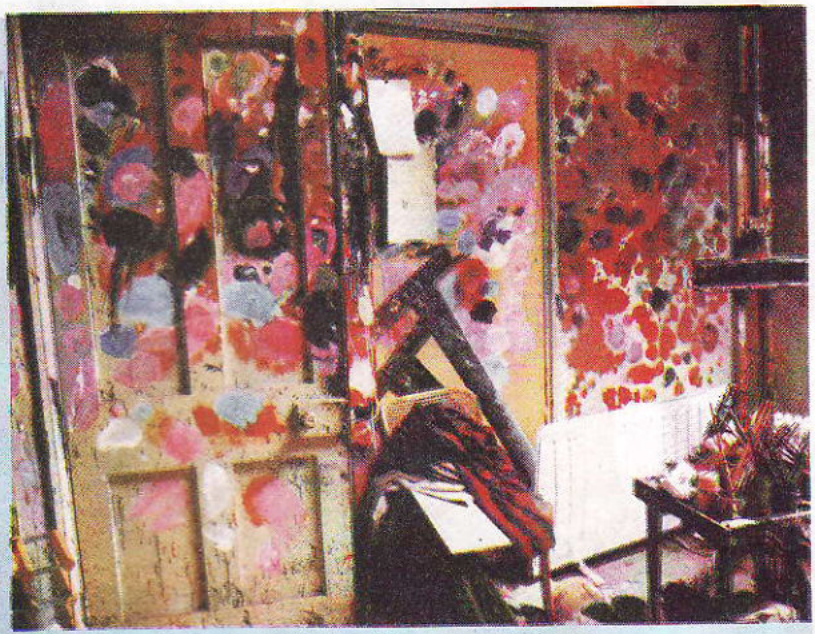
JASON BYRNE

SATURDAY 16 JUNE VICAR STREET, 8.30PM, £12

ALTHOUGH JASON Byrne performs in Dublin on a fairly regular basis, his shows are well worth a visit even if you have seen him before. He is without a doubt one of the very best comedians around and one of the most spontaneous. His scriptless shows can develop along any one of thousands of tangents, never degenerating to a standardised format. His energy and invention remain formidable, leaving you wondering where it all comes from. Just one night in town but still the best comedy event of the month.

MAKING BACON

THE FRANCIS BACON STUDIO
HUGH LANE MUNICIPAL GALLERY



Bacon's landlady was not about to renew the lease

THE FRANCIS Bacon studio is finally in place, a bizarre vortex of chaos, in the orderly womb of the Hugh Lane. While you have to question the project of freeze-framing an artist's place of work, preserving it like a body in formaldehyde, the end result is still pretty impressive. The artist kept his workplace in a state of constant upheaval, with paint invading every surface, and books, photographs and canvasses strewn in an impossible confusion around the room. A glass box intrudes into the doorway, allowing some interior perspective and the windows allow an external assessment of the space. Gazing in, you do have to admire the diligence of the poor bastards who took the entire God-awful mess apart, catalogued and photographed every item, and then put every tissue, paintbrush and matchstick back in the exact same place across the Irish sea.

The partly finished canvasses found in the studio are on display along with many other bizarre and fascinating objects from the room including a life-mask of William Blake, hundreds of photographs including many by Cartier-Bresson and several slashed canvasses. The 'micro-gallery', a computer display which contains huge amounts of information on every aspect of the studio, is the best way to explore the contents and is both well-produced and easy to use. There is little doubt that Bacon would be horrified at the thought of Dublin's middle classes filing past his workstation, gawping in awe at his every snot-rag, but it's still pretty compulsive viewing.

FRANCESCA WOODMAN
DOUGLAS HYDE TO EARLY JULY

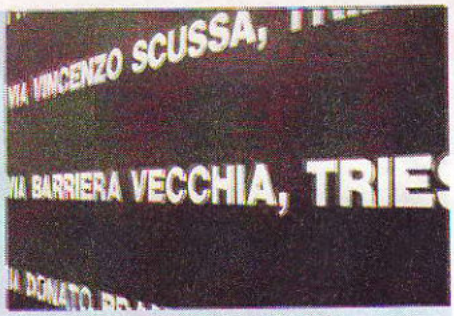
Francesca Woodman committed suicide at the age of 22 in 1981. Her artistic production is now read in the light of that fundamental fact. Unable to escape this reality, this collection of photos, most of which are self-portraits, seem to portray isolation and a haunting sense of ill-ease. Sometimes the artist is nude and sometimes her form is blurred or distorted. Each effect is strangely discomforting. Often her body is twisted suggesting pain and self-questioning. Overall the impression is one of obsessive introspection. These are powerful, intense images, conferred with extra poignancy by the certainty of the artist's tragic entrapedness.

ALBERT OEHLEN
KERLIN GALLERY TO 30 JUNE

You've got to admire this German artist's bizarre and hideous compositions. He was heavily influenced by punk and Dadaism and seems to go to great effort to revolt and appall anyone with good taste. Many of the images have been plucked from the sea of macabre trivia that is the internet; bizarre bodybuilders and babies with huge blue heads are tossed together with garish colour schemes in cluttered compositions. It's a strange effect, yet in the bad taste of it all, there's a perfect snapshot of contemporary popular culture and in particular the internet.

ARTY ADDRESSES

IAN WHITTLESEA
TEMPLE BAR G&S TO 10 JUNE



Someone gets paid to do this

YOU REALLY have to hope that this is some kind of practical joke. Mr Whittlesea has taken up one of the city's best exhibition spaces with the European addresses of James Joyce. They are presented in clean white script on four large black canvasses. Apparently they are a testament to the 20th Century as a time of exile for artists as well as millions of people. This may wash in poncey London but, thankfully, in Dublin we throw people like Whittlesea in prison.